MAY 1964

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-SEVEN, NUMBER FIVE

VIETNAM—RESISTANCE OR WITHDRAWAL?

OSCAR GASS

JEWISH WRITING IN ENGLAND: Dan Jacobson

UP FROM APATHY—THE WOODLAWN EXPERIMENT: Charles E. Silberman

THE ILLUSIONLESS MAN & THE VISIONARY MAID: Allen Wheelis

SENATOR FULBRIGHT'S NEW FOREIGN POLICY: Hans J. Morgenthau

CATACOMBS & KHAZARS: Milton Himmelfarb

THE STRANGELY POLITE "DR. STRANGELOVE": Midge Decter

THE NERVE OF GÜNTER GRASS: George Steiner

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Jules Feiffer — S. D. Temkin — Hilton Kramer

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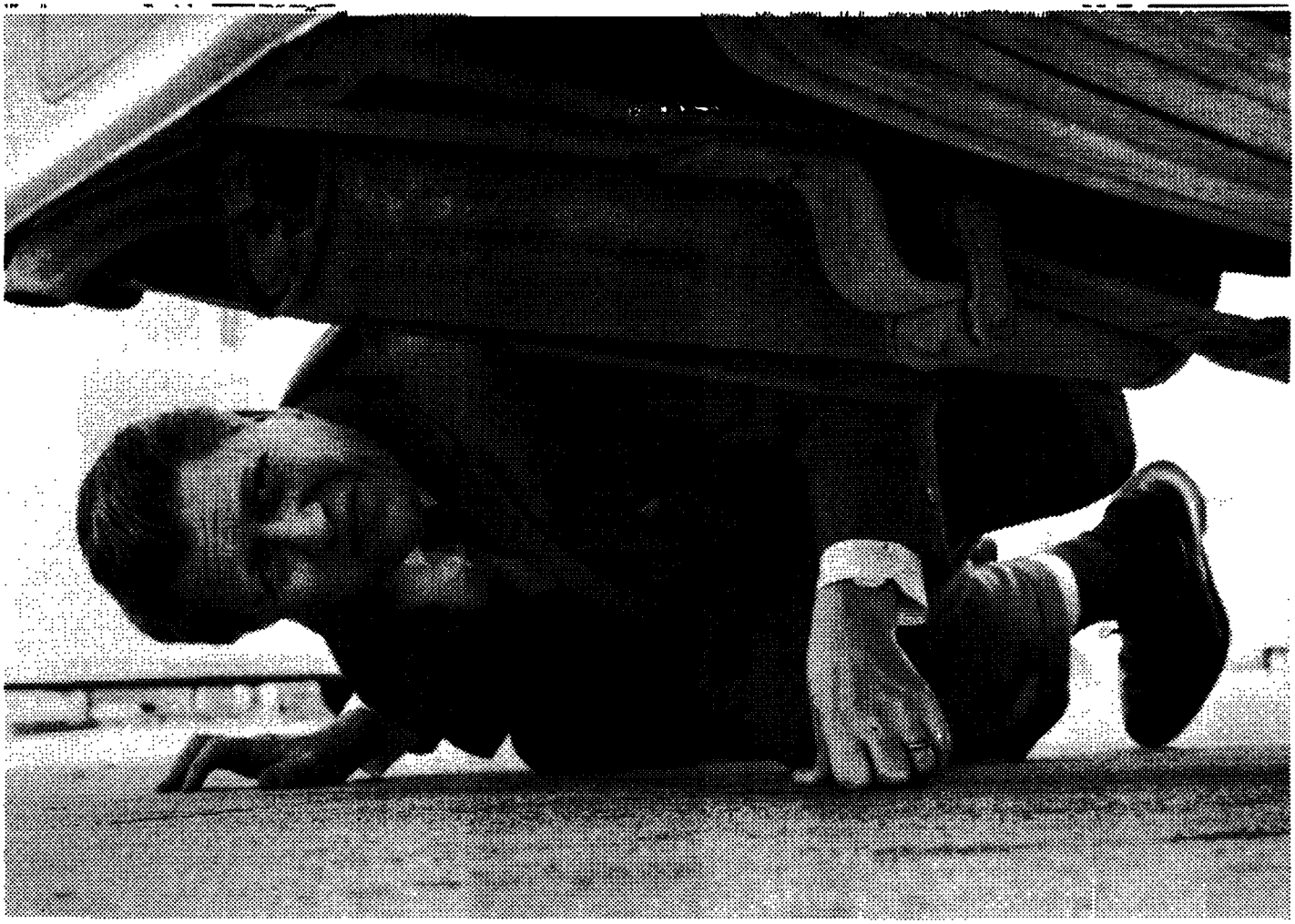

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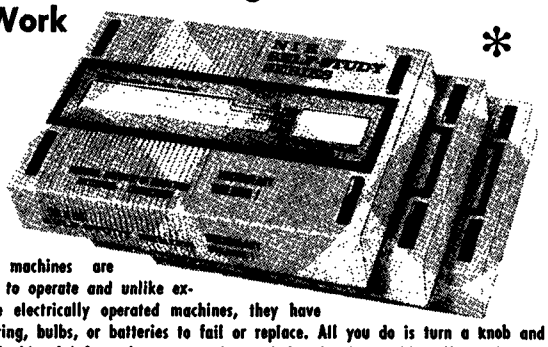

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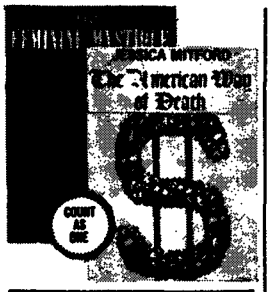

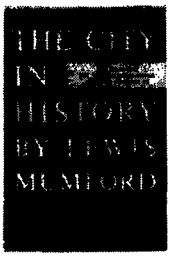

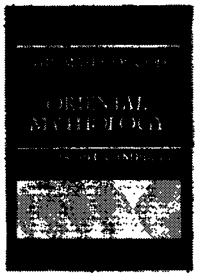
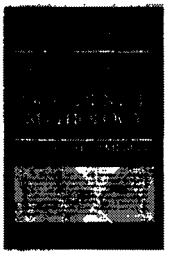
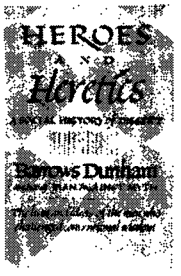

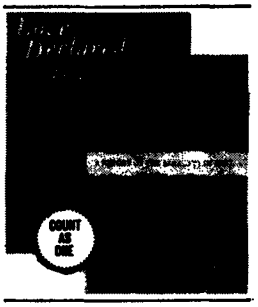

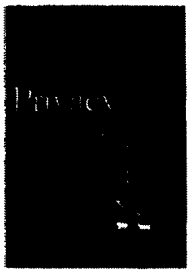

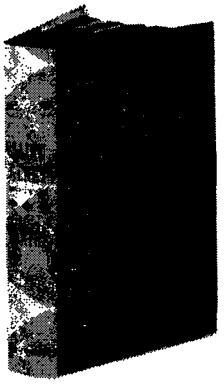
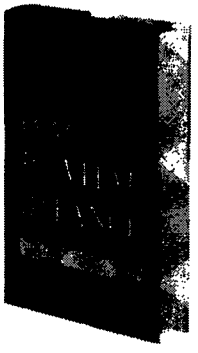
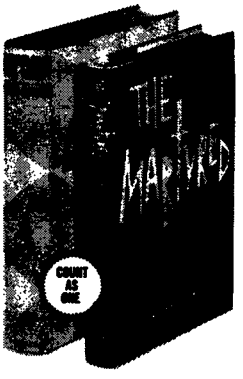

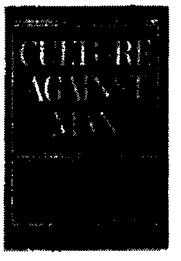

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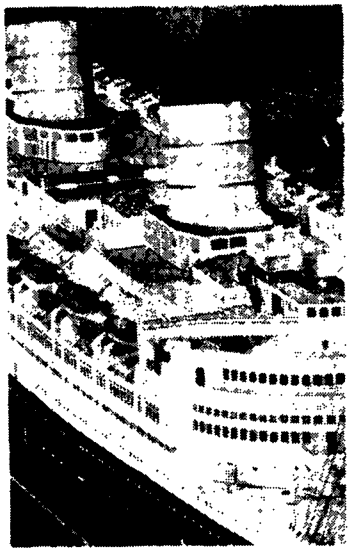

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Cuba's Economy

To the Editor of Commentary:

An article titled "Five Years of Castro's Cuba" [Theodore Draper, January] promises at least passing mention of the Revolution's achievements in the fields of health, education, housing, social services, culture, and recreation. The promise is unfulfilled; Theodore Draper's Cuba is a horror house of blunders, bayonets, and betrayals. That he omits Cuba's accomplishments reveals his own failure to report Cuban developments fairly and truly as does his inaccurate and distorted analysis of the Revolution's shortcomings.

Mr. Draper's views on the relationship between the Cuban government and the peasantry is one important example of this failure. Reviewing the heavy-handed treatment dealt out to some small farmers in 1962 at the time of the food crisis in Havana, he truncates history by passing over INRA's systematic and largely successful policy in late 1962 and 1963 of integrating the peasants into the structure of the reformed agriculture by offering higher and more rational prices for foodstuffs and more financial and other aid, rationalizing the administration of state purchasing organisms, supplying more consumer goods to rural stores, and replacing many local personnel. Shutting his eyes to these reforms, and wrongly observing that the peasants "sowed less and grew less" in 1962 (when in fact they merely sold less to INRA), Draper misleads his readers when he refers to the "deepening economic crisis" of 1963. Actually, INRA food purchases and deliveries to the cities doubled and in some cases tripled from 1962-1963. Draper also writes that "henceforth, Cuba's industrialization will depend primarily on the classical method of 'primitive accumulation'—squeezing its own peasantry . . ." when actual practice in the countryside has been exactly the opposite for more than a year. Cuba is accumulating capital by expanding sugar and cattle exports and production—via improvements in agricultural productivity, not by lowering rural incomes.

About Cuban state agriculture Draper is if anything less informed; the following errors appear in a single paragraph (on page 26): The Cane Cooperatives (not the "cooperatives" formed in 1959 and 1960 in non-sugar sectors with which Draper evidently confuses them) were transformed into *Granjas Cañeras*, not *Granjas del Pueblo*. INRA did not "administer them [the Cane Cooperatives] from above without in the least taking their members' wishes into account . . . ." The Cooperatives were co-managed by INRA and a board elected by members from their own ranks, although this system of dual control often worked out badly. In this connection I might add that it was largely on the members' own initiative that the cooperatives were changed into *Granjas*. On both the cooperatives and *Granjas* some workers were (and are) guaranteed an annual wage. When Castro said that some peasants were "allergic" to cooperatives he was not referring to the Cane Cooperatives; Draper falsely leaves the impression that Castro planned to force small cane growers into the Cooperatives, which drew their membership only from Cuba's nearly half million rural wage workers. Members of the Cooperatives did not "flee" to the *Granjas del Pueblo* except in the sense that residents of New Jersey can be said to "flee" to New York in search of easier and better jobs. In the period which Draper describes, the supply of wage labor to private agriculture did not rise, but fell. Elsewhere, Draper again truncates history by failing to report that the over-centralized *Granjas* were somewhat decentralized in mid-1963. He also magnifies the dispute between Rafael Rodríguez and Guevara far beyond its true dimensions when he confuses fundamental differences in the philosophy of economic planning with what in fact is a minor debate over modes of budgetary control.

Shifting from agriculture to industry, Draper does not fare any better. "In practice . . . agriculture will get such a high priority that not much is expected to be left over . . . for industry," he writes of Cuba's new sugar policy. In fact, the financial and physical resources needed to expand agriculture are being allocated to industry—fertilizer and other chemical plants, units

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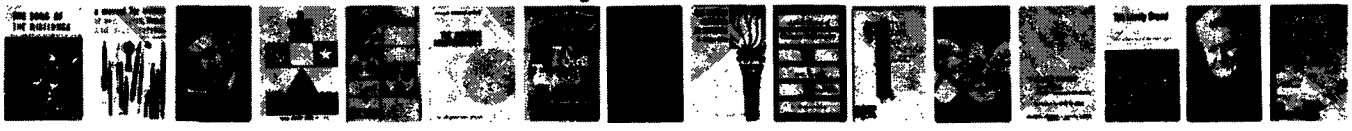

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manufacturing pumping equipment for irrigation investments, machine shops to service harvesting machinery, and so on. The present dual emphasis on expanding sugar production and crop diversification is one way Cuban planners are giving some needed direction to the industrialization of the island. Earlier, Draper writes that ". . . blundering . . . brought the industrialization program to a standstill." Cuba has forty-six new plants in various stages of completion; raw materials shortages have not compelled the government to abandon or halt the construction of a single one, as Draper implies. Nor can the shortages from which Cuba suffers be placed mainly at the door of "blundering" planners who are accused of failing to recognize the raw material component of new investments; about one-half of the new plants were begun before the United States severed trade ties with Cuba, at a time when inexpensive raw materials and other supplies *were* available.

"Instead of facing the loss of the United States [sugar] market with a certain trepidation, the Cuban leaders could barely repress their joy. . . . The Eisenhower administration's decision to suspend the sugar quota had fallen in with [Castro's] own desire not only to get rid of the quota but to cut sugar production." When it comes to Cuban-U.S. relations, Draper turns history on its head. Cuba denounced the suspension of the sugar quota for the economic aggression that it was. Cuba never *planned* to cut sugar production; Castro ordered reserve stands of cane cut in 1961 in order to release land for other crops; a glance at the 1962-65 Agricultural Plan shows that INRA planned to *raise* cane output by increasing yields. One of the reasons sugar received inadequate attention after the harvest of 1961 was the depressed state of the world market. All in all, a close look at Draper's "facts" throws into doubt his whole thesis that Cuba initiated the economic and political war against the United States, not to speak of nearly his entire analysis of the performance of the Cuban social economy since the revolution.

JAMES O'CONNOR
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Draper's article clarifies many puzzling aspects of Cuba's present situation. But it is not clear to me why Russia did not assess Cuba's restricted economic possibilities and lack of diversified raw materials *before* expending the very large sums which we are told they have done. Banks lending modest amounts to poor applicants are far less ready and optimistic. . . . Was the new and struggling regime in Cuba unaware, for instance, that in the late 1900's and the early 1920's the U.S., in response to the many young Cubans being trained at our agriculture schools, had provided the most modern equipment for the sugar cane harvest, and that this equipment was later found rusting in the fields?

The Soviet motive is unclear.

N. R. BAECK
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Very little can be added to Mr. Draper's excellent and incisive analysis of the present Cuban economic situation. Bringing into focus the blundering and amateurism of Cuban leaders and quoting their own words to prove it, Mr. Draper establishes, beyond any doubt, the destructive qualities of those men, who as Fidel Castro himself said early in 1959, need only "audacity" to make a revolution.

To show what this "audacity" means in practical economic terms, let me quote Fidel Castro again. In his October 21, 1963 speech (describing the effects of Hurricane Flora, which caused an estimated 400 million dollars damage in Cuba), the Prime Minister said: "It is possible that because of our economic cretinism we squander ['*despilfarramos*'] in a year twice as much as this hurricane has destroyed." As Mr. Draper points out, this enormous governmental waste enjoys in Cuba today complete impunity, because under the present system the Cuban people can do absolutely nothing to bring to justice the "audacious" men responsible for the economic destruction of the island.

GEORGE VOLSKY
Coral Gables, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Draper's analysis of the Cuban economy under Castro indicates quite obviously his prejudices regarding socialism.

Possibly Mr. Draper may have felt that under Batista, where there was a semblance of democratic procedure, the economy was in a much better position. It does after all take an American steeped in the rich brine of "free enterprise," "*laissez-*

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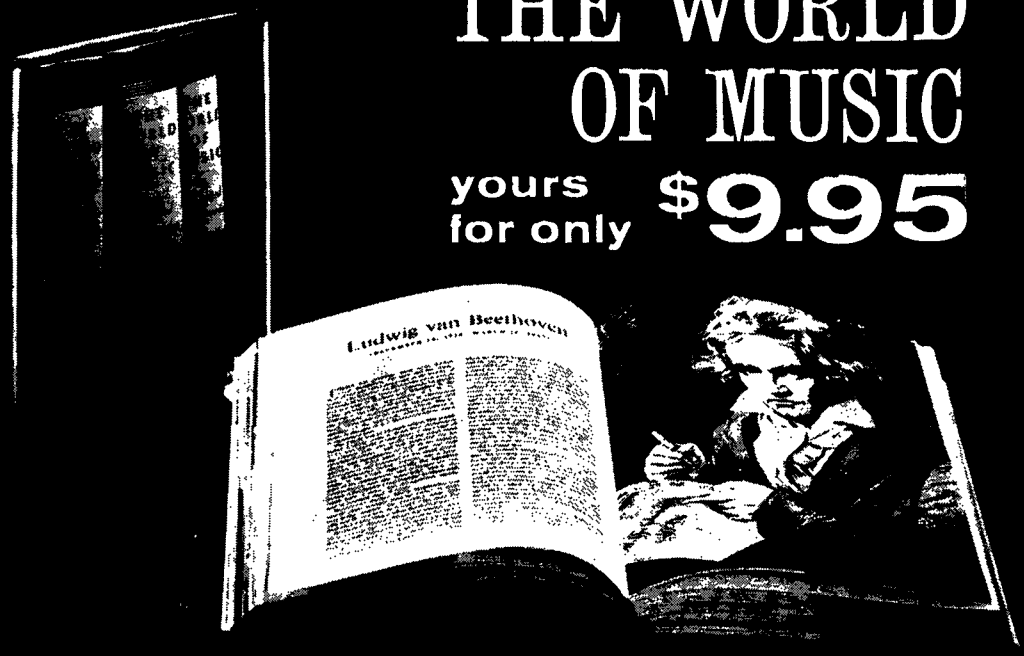

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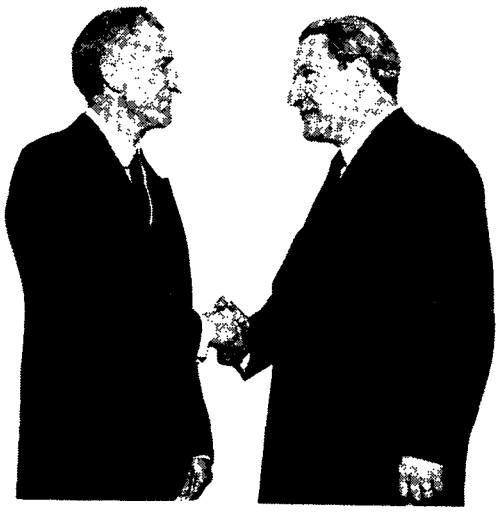

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faire," and capitalism to refute any economic system that is alien to the American Way.

Mr. Draper's jaundiced point of view fails to take into consideration the following factors regarding Castroism or the Latin American urge for self-identification: (1) the Fidelista movement could not have stayed in power five years or five months without some reservoir of a national consensus in Cuba; (2) an underdeveloped country does not have sufficient private capital to create markets, distribution points, or surplus wealth—it must under such circumstances resort to the centrist principle of utilizing government-directed industry with state funds; (3) what the majority of Latin American countries need in seeking a breakthrough past the barrier of monoculturism, is diversification of agriculture; this latter need may necessitate relocation of peasants, communalization where *minifundista* existed before, and temporary setbacks in increased productivity.

It is, therefore, with a certain smugness that Mr. Draper reviews the Castro economy from an affluent position. Possibly the CIA, the oligarchy of Cuba, and other "free world" institutions have a better solution for Cuba.

MICHAEL WINTER
Downey, California

MR. DRAPER *writes*:

Mr. O'Connor is making progress slowly. He published an article in *The Second Coming* magazine of July 1961 in which he gave Castro credit for "a remarkable performance" in agricultural production, with happy peasants who were "at last getting enough to eat, all year," etc. At that very time, as the present agricultural chieftain, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, has admitted, the Castro regime's agricultural policy was producing a state of "rebelliousness" among the Cuban peasantry. I notice that, in his letter, Mr. O'Connor no longer claims that Castro's record in 1961 was so "remarkable." He even implies that there was something to be desired until "late 1962 and 1963." Perhaps in another two or three years, he will come around to the recognition that the latter period was not so "successful," either. For someone who was so absurdly gullible in 1961, not so long ago, Mr. O'Connor might benefit from a little more caution and modesty now.

There is another thing about Mr. O'Connor's indignation that half

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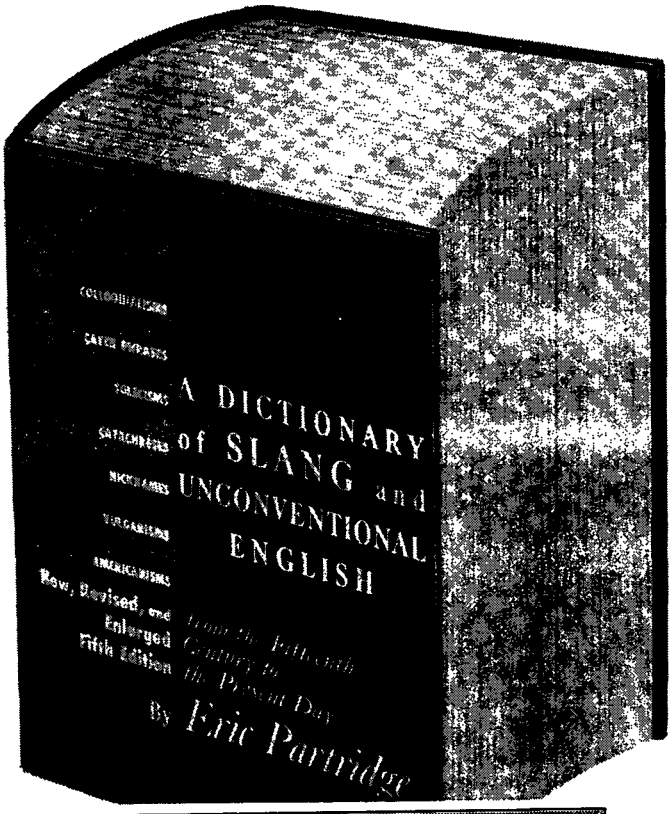

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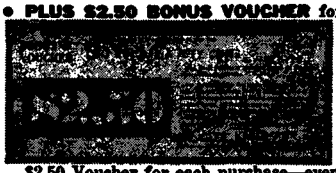

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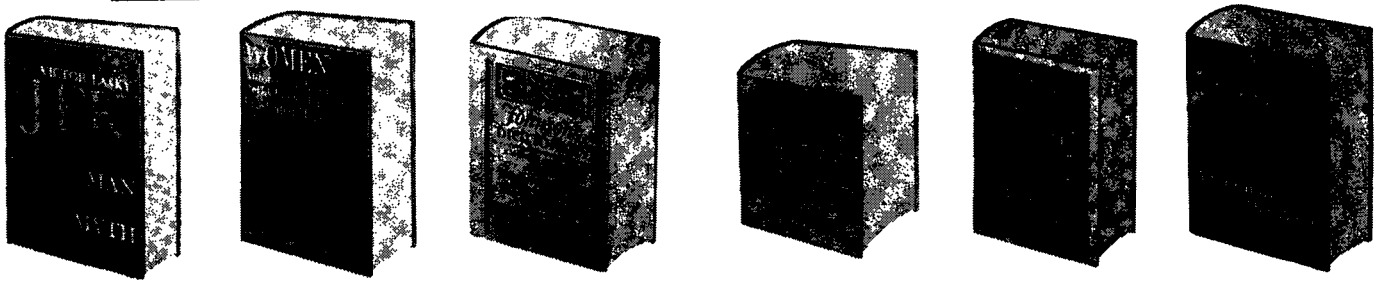

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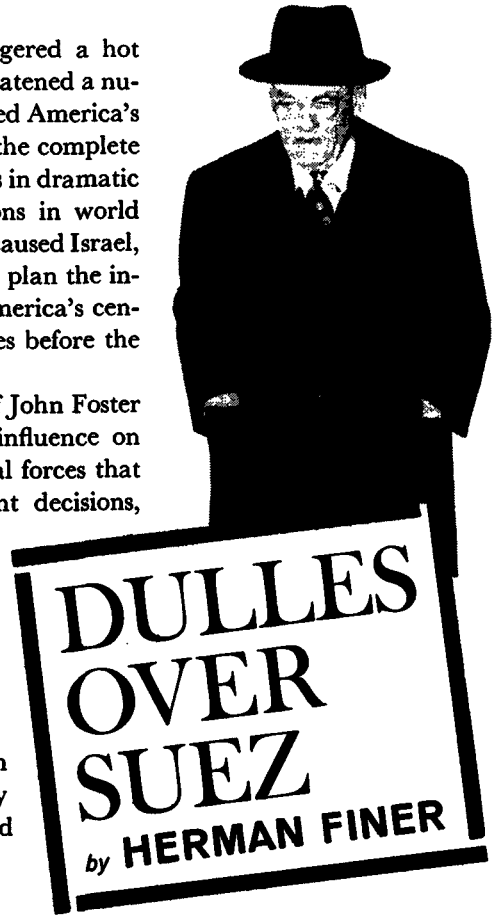

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depresses, half amuses me. Like most academic Fidelistas in the U.S., he lives in a world of illusion which his heroes in Cuba can no longer wholly afford. They grimly admit what he blithely denies. Here are some glaring examples:

(1) Did the peasants sow less in 1961-62? (I did not say in 1962 only.) Carlos Rafael Rodríguez wrote that the "serious errors" committed in the second half of 1961 and first two months of 1962 caused "a considerable reduction in the sowing ['*las siembras*'] and marketing of products, which were felt throughout all of 1962 but principally in the months of March and November" (*Cuba Socialista,* May 1963, pp. 12-13).

(2) The *Granjas del Pueblo* (literally, "people's farms," the Cuban euphemism for state-owned and operated farms) and the *Granjas Cañeras* are the same in kind. The latter are merely *granjas* devoted to sugar-cane production, or as the same Carlos Rafael Rodríguez put it, they "are the same thing with two different contents" (*Obra Revolucionaria,* August 31, 1962, p. 11). Moreover, I rather carefully used the general term "*granjas,*" not "*Granjas del Pueblo,*" and Mr. O'Connor had to misstate what I wrote in order to criticize me and confuse the entire issue.

(3) Did INRA administer the cooperatives from above, etc.? The same Carlos Rafael Rodríguez stated on June 22, 1962, at the National School of Revolutionary Instruction that "the cooperative member has been someone who is not reckoned with, who is assigned tasks without being told why they are done . . . is not given an accounting of what was to have been a cooperative, collective project," and more of the same. He used virtually the same language two months later (*Obra Revolucionaria,* August 31, 1962, p. 9).

(4) Despite Mr. O'Connor, one of the chief distinctions between the *Granjas* and the former cooperatives was that all workers in the *Granjas* were guaranteed an annual wage whereas the cooperative members theoretically worked for themselves and did not get a state-guaranteed annual wage.

(5) Castro said that the Cuban peasant "is allergic to the Cooperative" at a time when cooperatives were largely cane cooperatives (*Revolución,* Nov. 11, 1961). He used the term "cooperative" in general; there is no hint in his words of excluding the cane cooperatives; this

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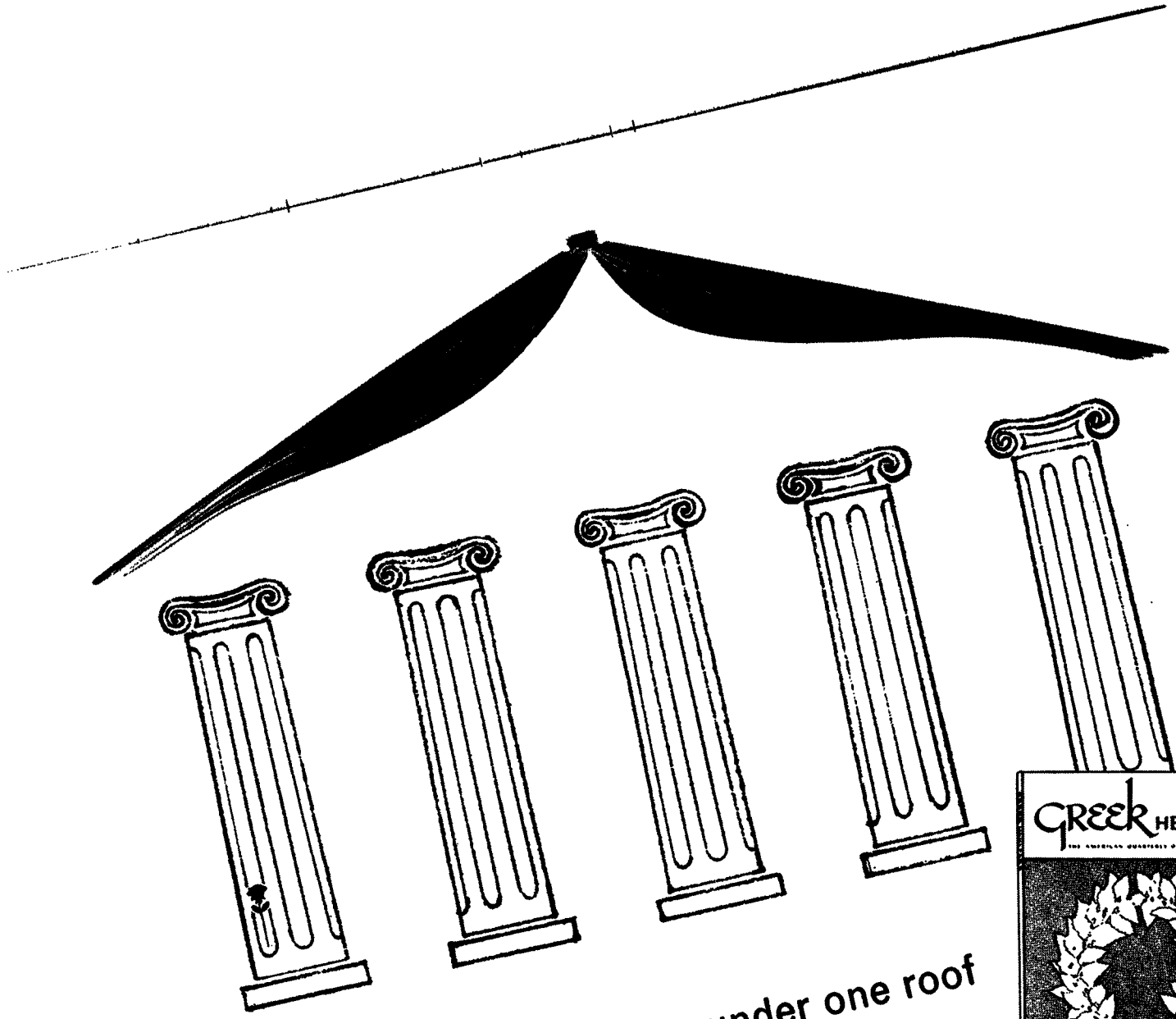

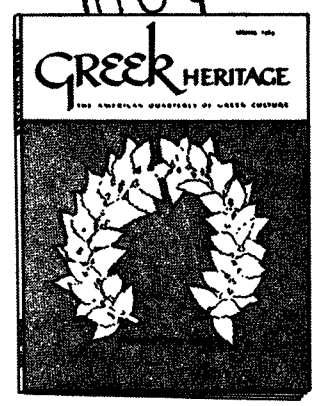

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is a gratuitous and groundless invention on Mr. O'Connor's part.

These five examples are enough to convince me that Mr. O'Connor cannot be taken seriously because he has exhibited ignorance of the Cuban sources on which I based my article. If he knew of them, his remarks are even more incomprehensible. I deliberately based myself on the testimony of the top Cuban leaders themselves. I quoted very liberally and paraphrased very closely. Thus, most of Mr. O'Connor's quarrels are really with the Cuban leaders, not with me. To cite one case: in the first example, I virtually used Rodríguez's own words but did not put them in quotation marks; I thereby unintentionally set a trap for Mr. O'Connor who fell into it by rashly denying them. His assurances that the dispute between Rodríguez and Guevara is trivial, that the Cuban leaders did not cut sugar production willingly and willfully, that Cuban industry is getting the resources needed for agricultural expansion, and all the rest, are as worthless as his unlucky fairy tale of 1961 and his arrogant indiscretions in the five examples given above. A speech by Minister of Industries Guevara on February 25, 1964, has already confirmed my judgment that in practice "agriculture will get such a high priority that not much is expected to be left over, at least in the foreseeable future, for industry." As for why I devoted so much attention to Castro's economics, Mr. O'Connor is referred to the editorial note accompanying my article.

Public vs. Private Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Richard Schickel's warm and sympathetic report ["P.S. 165," January] struck a familiar note, since I taught, in the 40's, under remarkably similar circumstances at P.S. 102 in Manhattan. There, too, a resourceful principal, Murray Kaufman, provided the atmosphere in which Puerto Rican youngsters could be taught effectively side-by-side with the Italian, Negro, and Jewish pupils of that particular Harlem neighborhood. So I can testify that P.S. 165 is not an isolated case of an exemplary teaching situation.

There is, undoubtedly, a place for private schools that are set up for specific ideological or vocational preparation. But having taught at private schools in Manhattan, I can assure white parents that, in most of them, they do not get their money's worth in terms of instructional advantages over those available at public schools like the one Mr. Schickel described.

Schooling in a socially homogeneous situation too often sets the stage for instinctive antagonism to the "outsider" and is, more frequently than is generally admitted, a place where the child learns to cover up mediocre performance. By keeping them out of the public schools, parents deprive their children not only of good academic training, but also of the feeling of belonging to a large, variegated society with which they must be on understanding terms as adults. . .

EDITH FRIEDLANDER BONDI
Oakland, California

Of Banality & Romanticism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Irving Howe's reply ["Letters from Readers," February] to criticism of his "Hannah Arendt and the *New Yorker*" is in itself as apt a commentary on Mr. Howe's article and on his view of Hannah Arendt's thesis in general as one could wish. His criticism of Miss Arendt's thesis—objective and empirical as it appears to be—is shown in his letter to be founded on nothing more than extreme subjectivity in pursuing the question of man's inhumanity to man and on an almost romantic conception of human nature. "I do not for one moment believe that I—or Hannah Arendt or Rachelle Marshall—could ever be an Eichmann," says Mr. Howe. The refutation is so flimsy as to be absurd. What bearing does the emotionally inspired testimony of one intellectual have on Miss Arendt's contention that given certain conditions ordinary human beings can bring themselves to perform the most monstrous acts? Where Miss Arendt is tough-minded and objective, Mr. Howe is romantic and subjective; where Miss Arendt attempts to discover *how* it happened that thousands of ordinary people participated in or consented to barbarity on a vast scale, Mr. Howe is content with the fatalistic belief that Eichmann and men like him are intrinsically Evil; where Miss Arendt assumes that all human acts can be rationally explained and thus possibly prevented, Mr. Howe takes refuge in the irrational and futile belief that human beings are either incor-

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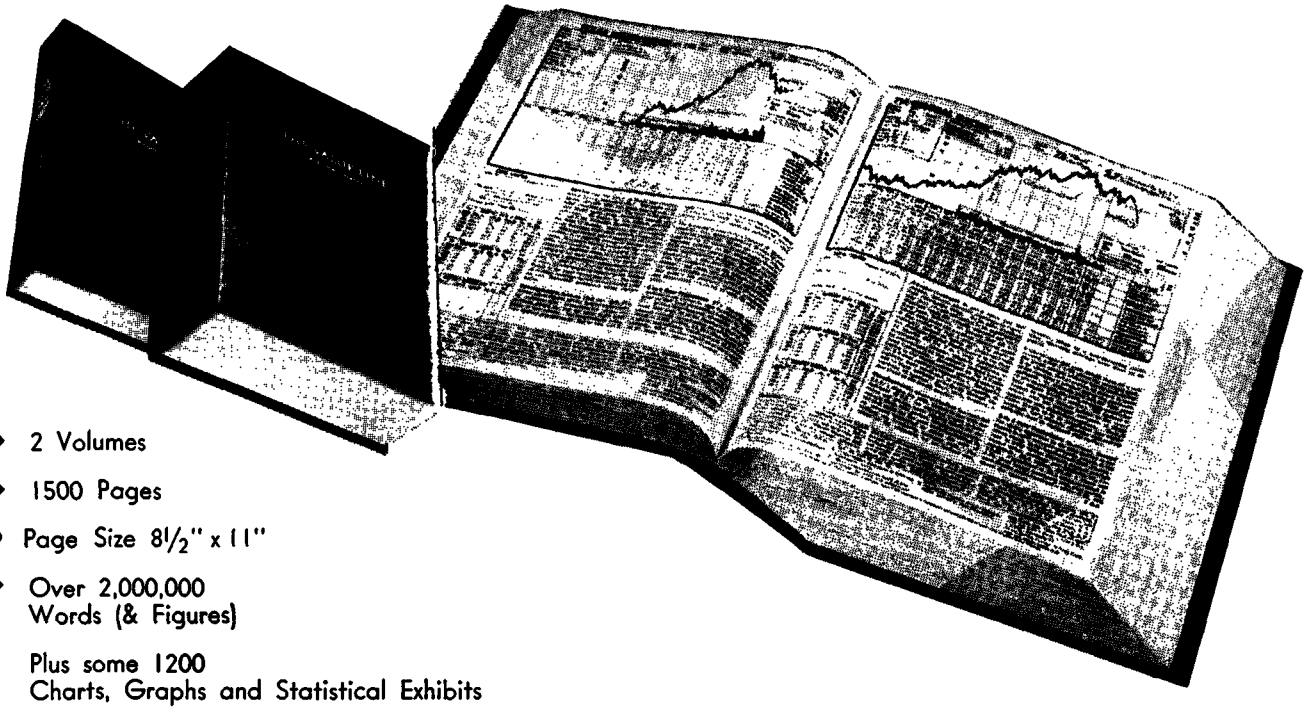

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ruptibly Good or hopelessly Bad.

That Mr. Howe finds Miss Arendt's view of Eichmann banal only testifies to his romanticism. The idea that human beings can be conditioned to be *either* good or bad clearly does not appeal to him. His protestations against Miss Arendt's implied view that human character is largely socially determined are reminiscent of the anti-Darwinist protestations against the idea that man was descended from the apes. Neither is a pleasant view for man, in his conviction of supremacy and uniqueness in the universe, to contemplate. It is much more comfortable to go on believing non-rational presumptions of Good and Evil than to confront the reality of man's nature—a nature which is not good *or* bad but malleable.

Miss Arendt's view, then, is one which admits the possibility of a solution to the problem of human brutality; Mr. Howe's view —for all its emotional appeal—admits none. It tends to reduce itself to the desperate cry that "whatever is, is." It occurs to me that the world has suffered enough as a result of such fatalism about human nature; it is clearly time for some realism. Miss Arendt has attempted to provide that realism, and all that Mr. Howe finds to say in reply is: "not me."

ERICA MANN

New York City

Religion in Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's comments on my *Ammot* article, "Political and Social Attitudes in Israel" have just reached me ["How Many Israels?," January]. I am, of course, a bit pleased, though also puzzled, by his statement that "reading the study, one becomes interested in Antonovsky." But even if we assume that my slip does show, I put the data in the hands of the reader. Mr. Himmelfarb rightly wants his slip to show, but this leads him to misreport and misinterpret. Rather than polemicize, I think the reader might best be served if I present the entire section of my article on which his comments were based. My article, incidentally, was originally written in English, although the translation had my approval.

Let us start with two items bearing on the issue of the role of religion in Israeli society. How religious is the Israeli population? Obviously the answer to this question depends on how it is asked. Because this is so controversial an issue, let me cite the precise wording of the question. The interviewer read it and the four alternative answers, and the respondent was asked to select the one which was most appropriate to him.

Do you observe the religious tradition?
1. I definitely observe all its commandments;
2. I observe religious commandments for the most part;
3. I observe traditions to some extent;
4. I am not at all observant; completely secular.

The reader—particularly if he has never engaged in social research —will probably find some arbitrariness or imprecision in the alternatives as they are here stated. I find sufficient comfort in the fact that only 4 of the 1,470 people were unable to answer the question as posed, a number far smaller than on most other questions.

In the total population, we find that 30 per cent can reasonably be called religious (equally divided between 1 and 2). The third alternative contains the largest group—46 per cent—and 24 per cent of the population is completely secular.

The first item relates to quasi-public reporting of personal behavior. Since norms operating in both directions are equally acceptable—i.e., it is entirely legitimate to be either completely religious or completely secular, albeit in different segments of Israeli society —there is no reason to believe that actual behavior varies considerably from what is reported. Our second item is more political: Should the government, we asked, see to it that public life be conducted in accordance with Jewish religious tradition?

The most significant aspect of the replies is a tendency toward polarization. The near-secular are now the smallest and not the largest group: only 16 per cent answer "probably not." The anti-clerical group ("definitely not") is now the largest (37 per cent), while 23 per cent take the extreme opposite position ("definitely"), and 20 per cent say "probably yes." Four per cent did not reply.

If we consider the responses to the two questions jointly, we get the following picture:

Consistent

22 per cent—clerical (those who take only a pro-religious position on both questions.

49 per cent—anti-clerical (those who take only a pro-secular position on both questions).

Shifting

19 per cent—those who though personally near-secular or secular favor a religious public life.

6 per cent—those who though personally religious are opposed to a religious public life.

AARON ANTONOVSKY

The Israel Institute of Applied Social Research

Jerusalem, Israel

MR. HIMMELFARB *writes:*

Misreport and misinterpret? Dr. Antonovsky has presented his text. It does not justify his treating the partly observant as secular (ist) or his using the good-guy and bad-guy terms clerical and anti-clerical. Having read the text, can anyone tell me—can Antonovsky tell me—how an average "anti-clerical" is apt to feel about, say, the *toda'ah yehudit* ("Jewish consciousness") program in the Israeli schools, or the Purim hoopla in the streets of Tel Aviv?

The Warren Commission

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is understandable that persons from foreign lands might consider the Kennedy assassination a "treasonous political conspiracy," but it is indeed surprising that an American editor should entertain this thought. This latest in the series of Presidential assassinations seems the same as those which went before. All were acts of abnormal individuals; and none was considered a "treasonous political conspiracy." ["The Warren Commission: An Editorial," January.]

I do agree that the Warren Commission should examine and report on the federal agencies concerned, and on the role of the Dallas police.

WAYNE SHIRLEY

Durham, New Hampshire

Ethnic Distinctions

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Glazer and Moynihan's *Beyond the Melting Pot* deserves a better fate than Daniel Bell's combination of sporadic praise and extended asides about "what's new in sociological research" [January]. Now I suppose a reviewer can do many things with his space,

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including playing Parsons for the masses, but an imaginative book about ethnic socio-politics cries out for an interpretive intellectual analysis, especially in COMMENTARY.

Bell is rightfully critical of the old "melting pot" acculturation theory, but then goes on to call for a projected time schedule of ethnic acculturation. But we do not know if any such prediction is merited without an evaluation of the levels of ethnic distinctiveness in family, associational, and political life. Bell doubts that religion and nationality will be able to withstand the pressures of class and color (ethnic?) politics. But this statement is meaningless without considering the saliency of political forces within and without the ethnic sub-communities. Surely a student of "status politics" is aware of this, and the durability of ethno-religious political patterns in the teeth of social class alterations is documented by Lenski in Detroit as well as by Dahl in New Haven.

Glazer and Moynihan place heavy emphasis on familial variables in relation to larger non-ethnic political and social institutions. But at a middle level exists the rich array of formal ethnocentric organizations ranging from Jewish defense groups to Catholic social councils, and these civil agencies, like their secular counterparts, occupy a near-monopoly on social and political symbols and programs with ethno-religious content. *Styles of achievement in an organizational society may be as politically relevant if less visible than types of communal relations in the older urban, immigrant milieu.* An evaluation of these and other factors is an intellectual necessity to complement the rich and stimulating data assembled from among the ethnic groups of New York City.

EDGAR LITT

Boston College
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

MR. BELL *writes:*

Mr. Litt's clumsy jargon, disagreeable tone ("playing Parsons for the masses"—ugh!), and lack of specification make a reviewer's reply difficult. Is it amiss to say that Mr. Glazer thought the review one of the best he had read of the book?

I did not "call for" a projected time schedule of ethnic acculturation; that would mean I desired it. I suggested that various writers who have noted the persistence of ethnic identifications had failed to specify the time period over which these identifications have persisted. I noted that, except for the Irish, this has been, at best, for one or two generations; and this is not a very long historical period. I felt, further, that because of changes in the patterns of education and in the occupational structure, the identifications on the basis of nationality and religion may be less meaningful in the next decades than class and color (the Negro problem). The question is an open one, and cannot be settled by rhetorical gestures such as "surely."

The last paragraph, particularly the sentence beginning, "Styles of achievement. . . .," I do not understand at all.

Trotsky

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his profound "Reflections on Trotsky" [January], George Lichtheim accepts Isaac Deutscher's idea that Bruno Rizzi's *La bureaucratisation du monde* (1939) contained the first hint of what is now called the "managerial revolution." He thus gives credence to the Trotskyist legend about Rizzi's having sired an idea which in reality goes back to Michael Bakunin. In his *Statism and Anarchy* (1873), the father of revolutionary anarchism characterized the "dictatorship of the proletariat," as conceived by Marx, as the rule of an "aristocracy of real and spurious savants" and of "government engineers who will constitute a new privileged, scientific political class." A quarter of a century after Bakunin, that is, in 1898, a Polish revolutionary thinker, Waclaw Machajski, in a Russian pamphlet entitled *The Intellectual Worker,* hectographed clandestinely while he was in Siberian banishment and later printed in Geneva in 1904, elaborated the same idea. In 1932, in a book entitled *Rebels and Renegades* (Macmillan); in 1937, in an essay "Masters—Old and New," included in a symposium *The Making of Society—An Outline of Sociology,* edited by V. F. Calverton (The Modern Library); and again in 1939 in *Apostles of Revolution* (Little, Brown)—all published before Rizzi's book and before Burnham's *Managerial Revolution*—I applied Machajski's idea to the class structure of the Soviet Republic.

Machajski's role in launching this idea is pointed out in Lewis Corey's *The Unfinished Task* and in Daniel Bell's *The End of Ideology.* Machajski is also given credit for this idea in an article by Edmund Wilson, published in the *New Yorker* of October 15, 1960. . . .

So much for Rizzi's priority regarding the "managerial" idea. The question now arises whether Trotsky was altogether unaware of this idea and whether he began to realize its correctness only in the last year of his life when he wrote something closely approaching it in the article quoted by Lichtheim. Now, the fact is that Trotsky had become familiar with the "managerial" concept during his Siberian banishment around the turn of the century, and that he mentioned Machajski's name in his book about Lenin. But he chose to ignore the main tenet of Machajski's views about the neo-bourgeois class character of the intellectual workers and their potentialities as the coming ruling class once the capitalist employers had been eliminated. For with such a theory, one could not expect the workers to help the intelligentsia in the struggle against capitalism. Hence the inclusion of the intelligentsia in, and its identification with, the "proletariat" became Trotsky's "life-lie," to use Ibsen's famous expression. Another aspect of that "life-lie" was his, and all other socialist theorists', identification of the elimination of the capitalists with the "emancipation of the proletariat." It was only *in extremis,* when he lost all hope of becoming the number one man of that alleged "emancipation," that he blurted out the truth about the Soviet Union's new ruling class. By doing so, he followed Bakunin's example, for Bakunin likewise "spilled the beans" when, three years before his death, he realized that *his* dream of a world revolution inaugurating his own and his following's "invisible dictatorship" had no chance of being fulfilled.

Having lost hope for a "final" revolution that would enthrone him over an "emancipated" world, Trotsky contented himself with the very prosaic formula that "a new minimum program would be required—to defend the interests of the slaves of the totalitarian bureaucratic system." Had he been

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why

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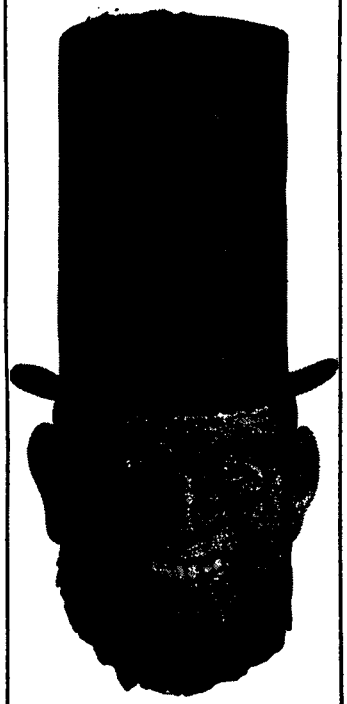


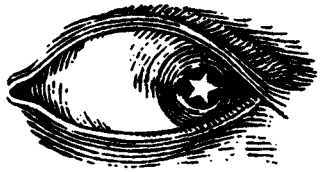
He goes all the way back to Abraham Lincoln's Republican Party Platform of 1864. "I am in favor of abolishing slavery" says Kitman.

HOW

How can *Monocle* help you? The Republican Party has a vacancy for a presidential candidate. Why don't you apply? Read Kitman's account of how to do it ("The Making of a Presidential Candidate") in the new *Monocle*.

WHO

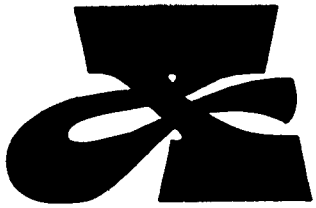
Who is Marvin Kitman?



What are his qualifications? Kitman is News Managing Editor of *Monocle*. He did such a good job managing the news at *Monocle* that we thought he deserved a shot at the White House. Besides, his wife has a cloth coat, he has 2.7 children and he is the only *Monocle* editor who will be 35 by election day.

WHAT

What about Cuba?
Kitman plans to investigate Democratic bungling over Cuba. In 1853 Pres. Franklin Pierce had a chance to buy Cuba for $8 million. False economy has got us where we are today.



What issues does Kitman plan to raise?
He would prefer not to drag issues into the campaign. He wants to campaign strictly on personality because his friends tell him he has a winning personality. Also, he thinks raising issues is hypocritical. But if anyone raises the religious issue he will point out he's twice as Jewish as Goldwater.

WHAT

What does *Monocle* think about the other candidates? In our current issue we predict who *The New Yorker*, *Holiday*, *Reader's Digest*, *National Review* and other family magazines will support. For instance, according to *Monocle*, *Time* will have this to say:

"One day last summer Clare Luce, nymphet-svelte in a rhinestone-studded chainmail bikini, dipped a tentative toe in the water while Henry Luce watched at poolside. 'Goddam it, Clare,' said Henry, 'Stop diddling and jump the hell in.' No diddler she, Clare jumped. Tuesday last, Clare took the plunge again, announced at a press conference attended by 942 former *Time* cover subjects she would seek the Republican Presidential nomination."

WHAT

DOES MONOCLE THINK ABOUT

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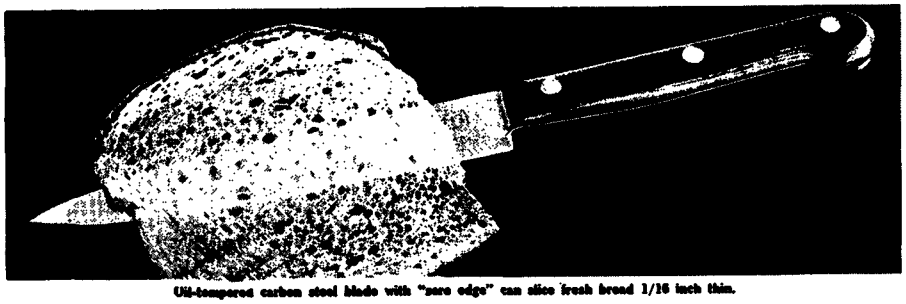

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by H. B. Walsh

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A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Coup de Disgrâce"

"It was the Paris Opéra, all right, but it looked like something out of the Folies Bergère by way of the Grand-Guignol. Faust was hung up in a geodesic cage, 20 feet above the stage. Mephistopheles effeminately fluttered a bright, purple fan. Hideously deformed gremlins danced the twist on the table during the Last Supper, and Marguerite did a strip. Throughout last week's unveiling of the 'Damnation' as choreographed by Maurice Béjart, the usually staid Opéra audience roared an obbligato of cheers, boos, and cries of *'Vive la musique!'* And when it was over the conductor and the choreographer were not only out of step—they were at war."

From a recent Newsweek Music column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Neweweek lately?

Newsweek

disinterestedly devoted to the underdog instead of being engrossed in his own dreams of power, he might have combined his "permanent revolution" with Samuel Gompers's slogan of "more and always more," as the expression of a romantic rebel's protest against the eternal recurrence of the master-and-servant pattern of the human-inhuman tragicomedy.

MAX NOMAD

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Anyone familiar with the political situation in Germany before 1933 and Trotsky's ideas about it, can only shake his head in bewilderment in the face of the arrogance . . . shown by Mr. Lichtheim. At least one writer who also was in the fortunate position of having read Trotsky's pamphlets and articles "as they came off the press," and who was himself deeply involved in the fight against German fascism during the period from 1918-1933—a man who not only had a pretty good understanding of political realities in Germany, but whose own writings had made him one of the outstanding targets of the Nazis—Kurt Tucholsky—had a different opinion than Mr. Lichtheim of Trotsky's understanding of Hitler's National Socialism. In a letter dated July 25, 1933 and addressed to Walter Hasenclever, the playwright who, like Tucholsky, was to commit suicide several years later, Tucholsky described Trotsky's essay, "Portrait of National Socialism," as follows: ". . . "it is indeed a masterpiece. It contained everything, but just everything. It is unbelievable how anybody who has not lived in Germany can write this."

The serious student of Mr. Deutscher's book can only profit by reading the essay referred to. It would certainly make it easier for him to evaluate critically all the sweeping statements Mr. Lichtheim makes. . . .

GEORGE MOHR

New York City

MR. LICHTHEIM *writes:*

I was dealing with the history of Trotskyism, not that of anarchism. It is of course a fact that the anarchists were opposed to the Soviet dictatorship. Precisely for this reason, Trotsky and his followers paid no attention to them. They were perforce obliged to take some notice of the various

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left-wing "workers' opposition" movements which sprang up within the Russian Communist party in 1921-2, after the suppression of the Kronstadt uprising. These movements in general accepted the dictatorship, but tried to democratize it. After he had gone into opposition, Trotsky took over some of their arguments, notably their critique of the bureaucracy. The general tendency of "left-wing Communism" was syndicalist, not anarchist. There is no evidence that Trotsky was ever influenced by Machajski. As for Rizzi, he had the experience of Mussolini's regime to go on, and for the rest it seems plain enough that he got his theoretical arguments from Pareto and Max Weber.

Whether the anarchist critique of socialism has been borne out by experience is quite a different question, and one that has no bearing upon the issue of dictatorship. Anarchist writers have traditionally been critical of all forms of socialism, including the most democratic and pluralist, except of course for their own version, which unfortunately has never been tried in practice, and probably never can be, since it rests upon a misconception as to the role of the working class in an industrial society. One may argue, if one likes, that socialism means the rule of the planner and the expert, and therefore is not paradise. Such complaints are now very common, even in England, and doubtless we shall hear more of them. Modified forms of anarcho-syndicalism are popular all over the Western world. In the West, though, most "libertarian socialists" have usually tempered their instinctive anarchism with a little common sense. Bertrand Russell has been preaching the doctrine for half a century, but he has also supported the British Labor party. To the true Anarchist, of course, the Milk Marketing Board is as great a menace as Stalin. I am not sure to which school Mr. Nomad belongs, but I suspect it is the latter one.

Mr. George Mohr thinks I have done insufficient justice to the brilliance of Trotsky's political pamphleteering. I thought I had said quite enough about it. My concern was with Trotsky's standing as a Marxist theorist, and this question cannot be settled by appeals to the authority of the late Kurt Tucholsky—an able journalist, but not a political thinker.

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VIETNAM—RESISTANCE OR WITHDRAWAL?

OSCAR GASS

To resist or to withdraw: these are the alternatives. And they are alternatives which can be variously structured. Then they will commend themselves variously to informed, reasonable, fallible men.

Neutralization, unification, independence: these are, I believe, in reference to Vietnam today, false slogans. *"The rhetorician would deceive his neighbors, The sentimentalist himself. . ."* Neutralization, unification, independence: with respect to Vietnam today, these are the catch-cries of rhetoricians and sentimentalists—deceivers and deceived.

I

In the winter of 1949-50, the war to expel the French from Indo-China was subjected to a new influence, which seems eventually to have become the decisive one. Already in the latter part of 1949, the Communist forces of Mao Tse-tung had established themselves on the Chinese side of the border. On October 1, in Peking, they proclaimed the People's Republic of China. In November, they invited foreign comrades and fellow-travelers to Peking, for consultation on the further conduct of the world-wide struggle for national liberation and for socialism. There Mao's closest colleague, Liu Shao-ch'i, put forward a strategy of two linked elements: the united front and the insurgent army. First, said Liu, there must be created, in each country, a political united front of all ". . .who are willing to oppose the oppression of imperialism and its lackeys. . ."; this front must be under the *de facto* leadership of disciplined party Communists. Second, wherever possible, the political struggle for national liberation and socialism should be reinforced by military action: "It is necessary to set up . . . a national army which is led by the Communist party. . . . This way is the way of Mao Tse-tung . . . for winning emancipation by the people of the colonial and semi-colonial areas. . . ." Peking would not then forget *its* obligations in the common struggle. As Mao himself said ". . . in an era where imperialism still exists, it is impossible for a genuine people's revolution to win its own victory without different kinds of help from the international revolutionary forces." For these "different kinds of help," Peking at that time still looked hopefully to Moscow; but the smaller peoples of Asia, Africa, and even Latin America were already encouraged to look also to Peking.

The Vietnamese comrades, led by the old party stalwart who now called himself Ho Chi Minh,* had already been operating on lines very similar to those now publicly enunciated by Liu Shao-ch'i. The two elements of united front and insurgent army were just their meat. In Peking, they accordingly heard, absorbed, and cooperated. The Chinese comrades reciprocated. In January 1950, while Mao was visiting Stalin, China came forward first to recognize Ho Chi Minh's insurgent forces as the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. The USSR added its recognition before the month was out.

Despite this Russian act of recognition, China seems to have remained the one significant foreign power on the side of the Vietnamese insurgents until the French position in Indochina was destroyed. China became the insurgent Vietnamese base of military supply—as the United States was the military supply base for France. Chinese support guaranteed the ascendancy of the Vietnamese Communists in the resistance. Thousands of Vietnamese cadres were trained in China. The mind-cleansing, confession, and conversion of the Vietnamese intellectuals, behind the insurgent lines in the north, were conducted according to the Chinese model. Yet, for the outer world, Ho Chi Minh successfully maintained the imagery of a Vietnamese political united front, in which Communists—always faithful national militants—merely bore their part. Early in 1951, the Vietnamese comrades even took the initiative of dissolving their Indochinese Communist party, out of tenderness for the national

Oscar Gass, who wrote the much-discussed article, "China and the United States" (November 1962), has served as economic adviser to foreign governments in the Far East. His article, "Soviet Economic Developments," in our February issue was the second in a three-part series on the Soviet Union. The concluding article, on Soviet foreign policy, will appear in a forthcoming issue of Commentary.

*A valuable essay, in a generally disappointing book, is Chapter 6, "The Rise of Ho Chi Minh," in *The Two Viet-Nams*, by Bernard B. Fall (Praeger, 493 pp., $7.95).

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susceptibilities of the party comrades from Laos and Cambodia. Three separate parties were then formed. True, the Vietnamese leadership seems promptly (Nov. 1, 1951) to have informed its cadres, in a confidential circular, that the three would again become one Communist party as soon as world conditions were favorable. But outsiders were encouraged to believe that the Pathet Lao and the Cambodian Communists were independent actors in the most independent of independent national movements. Indeed only rabid anti-Communists would suspect them of being anything else!

After the Geneva agreements (July 1954) partitioning Vietnam at the seventeenth parallel, the influence of China in North Vietnam seems, for some years, to have been diminished or balanced by other influences. This period of about four years was also one of reduced outward militancy. Perhaps initially the North Vietnam government was waiting quietly for the elections which, according to the Geneva "Declaration of Intentions," were to re-unite Vietnam by July 1956. Perhaps not: my own hunch (and also that of Mr. P. J. Honey, author of *Communism in North Vietnam*) is that the North Vietnam authorities never believed such elections would occur. More likely, the North Vietnam authorities were restrained by their dependence for advanced economic assistance on the Soviet Union and its East European associates. Twice in these years 1954-58, the USSR failed to support even its great ally, China, in her challenge to the USA over Taiwan; the USSR was not likely to support a challenge which might equally escalate into war with the USA when initiated by the little state of North Vietnam. Also, in some degree, Chinese influence seems to have been undermined by bitter experience with faithful adherence to the Chinese model. Land reform was the critical case. Under Chinese guidance, land reform in North Vietnam pursued two Maoist principles: first, in class war the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children; second, a new agricultural order needs blood to separate past from future. Faithful adherence to these principles, as applied under the participating tutelage of Chinese instructors, apparently brought some hundreds of thousands of executions. The regime of North Vietnam found itself with a population in revolt, no food, and somewhat diminished respect for the Chinese.

In the years after 1958, there was a renewal of the militant effort of the North Vietnam regime to gain control over the whole country. A later historian, with access to archives, may give us an exact, connected explanation of how this came about. No contemporary writer has done it. Mr. Philippe Devillers, whose views of Vietnamese matters always merit respectful consideration, sees the fire starting in South Vietnam.* He believes Ho Chi Minh was provoked into action, late in 1958, by the aggravated brutal terrorism of Ngo Dinh Diem. The economic determinists also have their say. For them, the fire starts in North Vietnam: the North Vietnam regime is compelled, by industrial failure and—more importantly—by hunger, to seek food and glory in national unification under Communism. In still other quarters, an American sense of guilt speaks. There strange visions may be communicated: all the trouble may originate in a United States threat to Chinese security—even through Laos!—constituted by American support, in 1959 and 1960, for the comic-opera pair, Prince Boun Oum and General Phoumi Nosavan.

We must hold fast to the essential. In these years, 1958-63, Chinese policy became increasingly overt in differentiating its militancy in Asia from the comparative passivity of the USSR. The Chinese were prepared to support wars for national liberation and socialism; the Russians, at best, went along in tight-lipped acquiescence. In the conflict between China and the USSR, the government of North Vietnam came down—however slowly and reluctantly—on China's side. China was on *their* side. Chinese influence in North Vietnam accordingly rose, and Russian influence fell. In December 1963, Le Duan (the First Secretary of the Vietnamese Communist party who has reportedly played a major role in directing the guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam) spoke in Hanoi the language of Peking: "Modern revisionism is a grave evil in the revolutionary movement. . . . We must hate it as we hate imperialism. . . . China's revolutionary tactics are now the model for many Communists in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. . ." Castro may yield to Khrushchev on the nuclear test-ban; Ho Chi Minh stands with Mao. The North Vietnamese retain the high-policy direction of the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam and of the Pathet Lao in Laos. And, back of North Vietnam, stands the great power of China.

II

NORTH VIETNAM'S is a representative contemporary Communism. Political authority is concentrated in a Leader and his small circle of long-time associates. This leadership group consists of former professional revolutionaries, of necessity in some cases professional soldiers, now also political and economic administrators. They are not chosen representatives of a community—or a mass movement—which shares their social and political objectives, albeit in a less sophisticated form. Rather they come self-elected from a society where, in their Leninist terminology, adequate historic "consciousness" is deficient. It is therefore among the first tasks of such a Communist leadership—the self-chosen vanguard of a

*"The Struggle for the Unification of Vietnam" in *The China Quarterly*, January-March 1962.

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non-existing proletariat—to disseminate adequate "consciousness." This means: to create a public mind sharing the leadership's view of history, seeing its own role in history as the leaders do, and having the values, the devotion, and the obedience which these leaders believe appropriate to the new age. The task is pursued with great energy and tenacity. No competing image of good and evil is tolerated. Every persistent opponent is killed. Punishment and reward are employed to a continuing structural purpose: new cadres are to be formed, and a new hierarchy is to be built. And that hierarchy reaches down to control every household. It may honor and promote; it may terrorize and kill. But it does not neglect.

TODAY, in March 1964, it seems not unlikely that the government of South Vietnam is even more estranged from its people than is the government of North Vietnam. In the North, government while authoritarian is not remote; it may be brutally repressive, but it is not alien or dissociated. In the South, government is also authoritarian. It has never permitted an honest election. It increasingly wears the ugly face of military power. And its officialdom is all made in Saigon. Moreover, especially for the rural countryside—where four-fifths of all South Vietnamese live—government is, at most, intermittently here and dubiously ours.

Ho Chi Minh and his National Liberation Front (formed ostensibly "somewhere in Cochin China," ostensibly in December 1960) call the government of Saigon an American government—a government which has only exchanged French masters for American. In part, the accusation is correct. South Vietnam survives today, as a separate state, because of American intervention. No informed person can believe anything else. In the absence of American intervention, North Vietnam—backed by the great Communist powers—would certainly have succeeded in imposing unification (as would have North Korea). To that extent, the Communists are correct in characterizing the Saigon government as an American creation—even if the creature changes faces uncontrolledly and acts in fashions that often mystify the unskillful and inhibited Americans who make its life possible. If the Americans had not stood in the way, Ho Chi Minh's government would certainly by now have succeeded in extending Communist rule over the whole of Vietnam—probably also over Laos and Cambodia. To establish their law and order, the Vietnamese Communist leadership might have had to kill a few hundred thousand South Vietnamese (as well as Laotians and Cambodians). For that requirement, however, Ho Chi Minh and his associates were the correct people; they were prepared for it by doctrines, models, and experience.

There are few more blinding contemporary political errors than to regard socialism as the differentiating characteristic. To his shocked American advisers, Ngo Dinh Diem was also a socialist. He despised capitalists, whether merchants or manufacturers. He preferred every large enterprise to be owned by the state. Reluctantly he would agree that the state might hold only a minority interest in some major new enterprises; he would then rely on the government's many direct controls (over materials, imports, credits, etc.) to give the state effective management of these firms too. He was modern: he could speak of "planning." Marx was a sufficiently capable historian to have understood the filiation of Diem's socialism with that of Ho Chi Minh and, still more perhaps, with the socialisms of Chinese emperors, Russian czars, and Turkish sultans. But we ourselves must be attentive to see contemporary history as it is: where Nasser and Nkrumah and Nehru are socialists, Ngo Dinh Diem was also a socialist.

South Vietnam has more than three million city people (half in Saigon) and twelve million country people. Government is of the cities. The well-wishers of successive South Vietnam governments have urged them to make themselves popular by doing social justice and, less exactingly, by going to the people of the rural countryside. It is not easy. This going to the people is not in local custom and sentiment; nobody knows how to act. Only a few months ago, it was General Minh who was "going to the people" in the Southern countryside. And, on December 27, 1963, the New York *Times* reported from Tayninh: "Now and again General Minh would ask members of the crowd what they wanted the Government to do for them. But they appeared to be too astonished at being asked such a question to reply." Moreover, the cities include all the educated and prosperous; they are minded to get, not give. Finally, the cities are full of cultural groups remote from the popular countryside: about a quarter of the city people are Chinese, though long-settled in Vietnam; many are Catholics, though not less Vietnamese for that; many more are post-partition immigrants from the North and Center.

On the Left (certainly in the United States—probably also among European intellectuals) the panacea for the popularity of South Vietnam governments is land reform. And indeed South Vietnam's land reform, as accomplished by Diem, left something to be desired. Still, it was arguably as favorable to the peasants as the highly touted land reform of Taiwan. (The rent maximum is 25 per cent in South Vietnam, 37½ per cent in Taiwan.) The Southern peasant might even have come to regard Diem as a great liberator if he had experienced, in his own flesh, Ho Chi Minh's collectivization. But, in the South alone, no government can compete with the National Liberation Front land-reform slogans; there the Com-

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munists are free to advise the peasant to pay nothing—except Communist-assessed taxes.

In 1958 or 1959, the United States might have allowed the separate existence of South Vietnam to be extinguished without causing a much greater immediate earth-tremor than resulted from the Russian occupation of Budapest in November 1956 or the Chinese attack on India in October 1962. In 1958 or 1959, the Russians would have been as quick as the Chinese to claim credit for this advance of national liberation and socialism. (The Russians were then as great a power in Hanoi.) Four years later, when the Chinese moved to open polemics against the Russians,* they said—in everything but words of one syllable—that the Russians had disqualified themselves, as world Communist leaders, by failing to stand forward boldly, against the United States, in support of just such activities as those of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. Said the Chinese, contrasting their own militancy with Russian passivity: "The more the national liberation movements and the revolutionary struggles of the people develop, the better for the defense of world peace." The Russians are effete: they no longer view the future "with revolutionary optimism," and they falsely ". . . believe that war is no longer the continuation of politics. . ."

How easily the United States might have obviated all this controversy! It need perhaps only have allowed South Vietnam to founder in 1958 or 1959. In that case, the world might have been spared the open Sino-Soviet split, the nuclear test-ban treaty—and so much more! The line of resistance to Communist expansion would then perhaps have been withdrawn initially to Thailand. Subsequently, and by the present day, there might well have followed—it may be with a somewhat greater earth tremor—withdrawal also from Thailand. And so perhaps withdrawal from the whole Southeast Asia mainland—except seabound Malaya, or not excepting Malaya?

I am reminded of the invocation with which Arnold Toynbee prefaced his magisterial account of the year 1936:†

> *"Petits moutons, gagnez la plaine,*
> *Fuyez les bois, crainte des loups;*
> *Je ne puis me garder moi-même,*
> *Comment vous garderai—je tous?"***
> —*Chanson Bocagère*

But 1964 is not 1958. A nation may disavow commitments; it inherits consequences. Since the acceleration of insurgency in 1958, the involvement of the United States in the survival of South Vietnam has steadily deepened. A new cycle of involvement was opened by Secretary McNamara at the end of [illegible] the survival of an independent government in South Vietnam is so important . . . that I can conceive of no alternative other than to take all necessary measures within our capability to prevent a Communist victory."†† Four weeks later, President Johnson himself warned those unnamed external authorities who supply and direct guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam that they were playing a "deeply dangerous game." Then speculations, threats, and counter-threats. The cycle was closed by an official U.S. statement following a meeting of the National Security Council on March 17, 1964: ". . . there have unquestionably been setbacks." For the enemy, Hanoi supplies and directs. But, for the present, no word of striking back at Hanoi. Instead, mobilization in the South and further U.S. supply and training: "It will remain the policy of the United States to furnish assistance and support to South Vietnam for as long as it is required to bring Communist aggression and terrorism under control."

Sweeping words. Nevertheless, the military position in South Vietnam has deteriorated steadily. Apparently now, at night, at least two-thirds of the rural population comes regularly within the reach of the insurgent forces. This population is consequently continuously subjected to the readiness of the insurgents to assassinate any known opponent. In the best months of counteraction by successive Saigon governments, the casualties inflicted on the insurgents have been such as the insurgents could absorb forever. Supply lines to the insurgents, from the North, remain open at innumerable points along 900 miles of sea and 800 miles of land. The South Vietnam government forces have never begun to approach closing these open frontiers. They have therefore never experienced the weight of counter-action (insurgent, North Vietnamese, and ultimately Chinese) that might be provoked by a serious attempt at closure. Major escalation has been avoided. But the progress of the insurgent forces has continued.

III

1963, A YEAR of one crisis after another, was also a year flooded with books on Vietnam. Three should perhaps be brought to attention, each for a different reason.

Mr. Robert Scigliano's book*** is perhaps the one that should be read alike by those who will not read another book on Vietnam and those who will. It is both packed with information and refreshingly analytical; it is independent in judg-

*"Workers of All Countries, Unite, Oppose Our Common Enemy!" (December 15, 1962) and "The Differences Between Comrade Togliatti and Us" (December 31, 1962).

†*Survey of International Affairs, 1936*, London, 1937.

**"Little lambs, get to the plain./ Flee the woods, beware the wolves./ I cannot protect myself./ Then how shall I protect you?"

††*Statement of Secretary . . . McNamara . . . On The Defense Program . . .*, January 27, 1964. Well worth reading as a general exposition of U.S. defense policy.

***South Vietnam: Nation Under Stress*, Houghton Mifflin, 227 pp., $1.95 (paperback).

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ment but rides no erratic hobbyhorses. It makes few errors. (The only important one is on page 181, where the author succumbs to Diem propaganda on the progress of the strategic hamlet program; this is an error he shared with most outsiders, at the time he was writing.)

Perhaps the central theme of the book is the fraudulent character of the claim that South Vietnam is a "free world" society. This fraud reached its climax in 1961 when Lyndon Johnson likened Diem to Churchill. South Vietnam is an authoritarian society, with no more representative political institutions than North Vietnam, and where successive rulers have hitherto evidenced only minimal concern for popular welfare. I quote Scigliano, writing before the fall of Diem:

> All opposition activity in Vietnam is either suppressed and its participants arrested... or watchfully tolerated so long as its scope is restricted to small group discussions and the issuance of mild criticisms. . . .
> Only since the fall of 1962 has the Vietnamese government given serious and concerted attention to rural rehabilitation, when it undertook, with the help of American aid, to furnish villages under its control with sizeable amounts of social and economic assistance.

Scigliano does not testify to any continuing, working activity, directed to fostering a free society, on the part of the various American missions:

> American missions in Vietnam have devoted no resources or technical personnel to the development of the political instruments of representative government. . . . Much of the American effort in Vietnam, on the other hand, has gone to strengthen the police and security forces and other institutions contributing to a modern police state.

Scigliano also does not testify to any great awareness by the American authorities in Vietnam of what was going on around them. Referring to the position at the end of 1961, he reports:

> It is only a slight exaggeration to say that high-level American authorities in Vietnam realized how badly things were going only when they received the new line from Washington.

While he treats only the South systematically, in chapter 6, "North Versus South," he does give a fair-minded account of the whole insurgent movement. He does not malign the soldiers of the enemy:

> The fact is that Communism, in the dress of nationalism and in its advocacy of land to the peasants, represents a powerful force in South Vietnam, and one which receives widespread support from the peasant population. It has little trouble recruiting its partisans from among young villagers and, once recruited, these peasant-soldiers fight bravely and tenaciously and very seldom desert to the other side despite the rigors of guerrilla existence.

Perhaps Scigliano's one weakness is a penchant for knowing the unknowable. He reports the full-time guerrilla force, alike in 1962 and 1963, as "about 25,000." And he finds these full-timers ". . . supported as in the past by scores of thousands of part-time guerrillas and by much—perhaps a majority—of the rural population." He even ventures a sentence, so compatible with our popular sociologies, "The peasantry is not so much a pawn or a prize as it is the arbiter in the struggle between Communist and anti-Communist nationalism." Honor to this rugged arbiter! But how does Scigliano know his sentiments? Where terror and counter-terror are practiced so lavishly, is it easy to know? And I am not reassured when I find Scigliano, writing in 1963, resorting (p. 158) to an informed witness of 1947! Nor does it strengthen the chain of evidence that he there takes sympathy for Viet Minh in 1947 as an indicator for the popular basis of Communist power in 1963.

MR. P. J. HONEY'S book* is also one I would warmly recommend. Albania, Outer Mongolia, North Korea, and North Vietnam—each presents a fascinating sub-plot in the great play of the Sino-Soviet dispute. But North Vietnam's is, for world affairs, distinctly the most important. And, after Mr. Honey's exposition, the movements in this sub-plot are far more intelligible than before.

The nub is the prolonged effort of Ho Chi Minh to hold on to both China and the USSR, while pursuing an activist policy for the unification of Indochina under his own rule. Albania came down easily on the Chinese side, Outer Mongolia as easily on the Russian, North Korea perhaps not so readily but still unequivocally on the Chinese. But North Vietnam did not wish to make an exclusive choice, and even today, when North Vietnam is more committed on the Chinese side than when Honey finished his book, Ho Chi Minh endeavors to keep up some relations with Moscow. Clearly the prospect of being alone with the Chinese gives Vietnamese the shivers.

> Stories of the greed, the duplicity, and the terrible cruelty of the Chinese rulers during the two periods of Chinese domination abound in Vietnam and are recounted as though the events of history had taken place only recently.

The role of North Vietnam in the conflict between China and the USSR is Honey's major theme. But he also sketches the outline of several other large issues: the manner of work and personalities of the North Vietnam leaders; North Vietnam's direction of the insurgency in

*_Communism in North Vietnam: Its Role in the Sino-Soviet Dispute_, M.I.T. Press, 207 pp., $4.95.

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the South and in Laos; Ho Chi Minh's conception of the future of Laos and Cambodia. The presentation is made carefully, with appropriate reserve for gaps in knowledge. Characteristic phrases are: "It is impossible to say which, if any, of these three [alternatives] is correct." and "It is very probable, although not a scrap of evidence has so far come to light which would corroborate it." How welcome this tone! How often it is missing in contemporary Sino-Soviet studies!

Yet Honey has no doubts concerning the long-term objectives of Ho Chi Minh:

> Thus the ultimate aim of the Vietnamese Communist leadership is to install Communist regimes in the whole of Vietnam, in Laos and in Cambodia, after which they will re-form a single Communist party. This one party will then rule the three countries.

And, signing his book July 1963, Honey states the aims of North Vietnamese neutralization proposals:

> Better still, a neutral zone might be negotiated to cover Laos, South Vietnam and Cambodia. Later on possibly Thailand and Burma might be added to it. Settlements of this kind would get rid of the only element capable of resisting Communist expansion—the United States—and the neutrality of the countries concerned could easily be left intact until the moment was judged opportune for their annexation, one by one, by the Communist bloc.

Mr. W. G. Burchett's is a book* of popular Communist propaganda—coarse, mechanical, and sentimental. Its tone is suggested by the following passage:

> . . . in Asia at least it is only such anti-national elements that can be relied on to serve U.S. interests. An unholy bargain seems to be made in which the price exacted by collaborators for unlimited subservience to U.S. policies is an unlimited free hand to suck the last drop of blood out of their own people.

I recommend this book to those who seek acquaintance with the imagery in which Communism conducts its propaganda mission in regard to Indochina.

IV

WITHDRAW FROM Vietnam? Why not? Unless we reach out to Tibet, we shall hardly, in this decade, find a conflict which fits better the time-tested formulation of the occasion for withdrawal, ". . . a quarrel in a far-away country between people of whom we know nothing."†

In Vietnam, Americans have no associates but Vietnamese. The alphabet—UN, NATO, SEATO, ANZUS, etc.—counts for nothing. At best, a few kind words from the British. (After all, they are still involved in Malaya and India. Stand-offishness might come home to roost very quickly.) No other NATO ally so much as speaks a friendly word. Japan assumes no general Asian responsibilities. India cannot yet afford a foreign policy. Other friends are equally unparticipating bystanders. The United States stands quite alone.

But it would surely be self-deception to see American aloneness in Vietnam as quite unique. What then is the position in South Korea, or in Taiwan, or in Thailand? And is it evidence of a special wisdom that we here make a total disjunction between isolation and pre-eminent responsibility? Is Asia really the one case where the United States acts the unpleasant role of an alien and solitary policeman, or do we have similar situations even in the Americas? And—if loneness be accepted as the limiting case in a series which includes pre-eminence—who is it that carries pre-eminent responsibility for the defense even of Western Europe?

Again. Surely Vietnam is a poor place to fight, for a nation with the characteristic strengths and weaknesses of the United States. Taiwan is an island, where naval power and air power can be decisive; South Korea has at least a relatively closed frontier. South Vietnam is largely floodland and hill country, with hundreds of miles of open frontiers, and a guerrilla force living partly amidst a peasantry with which it has close ties.

But there is here an obvious misunderstanding. If one is to fight Vietnamese—South or North—one must fight them in Vietnam. However, if the unfortunate day should ever come that the United States found it necessary to counter-attack against Chinese, it is unlikely that any one would be so inane as to fight *them,* on a large scale, in Vietnam. (One Korea does not lead easily to another.) The counter-attack might be, by air, against the Chinese border provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi but also, by sea and air, against more distant targets—perhaps around Canton or Amoy, or even Shanghai. It seems improbable (though not impossible) that American involvement in Vietnam will ever mean masses of American infantry slogging through rice paddies.

Nevertheless. Conceded that American loneness in Vietnam is not quite unique and even that the fighting terrain is what it must be: is it not a military dictatorship that rules in Saigon? Is not this dictatorship held oppressive and alien by many Vietnamese? Why do Americans go halfway around the world to support such a wretched government? Could not Vietnam have a more popular regime?

Probably. And as American power in Saigon is

*_The Furtive War,_ International Publishers, 224 pp., $3.95 (paperback: $1.85).

†Neville Chamberlain, September 28, 1938. For context, see most recently *The Appeasers* (Houghton Mifflin, 444 pp., $6.50) by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott, especially Chapter 9. This is a valuable book with one great deficiency: it fails to weigh the large role of the British Left of the 1930's in the support of wish-fancy, defenselessness, and appeasement.

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large, so is American responsibility. But we must guard against those who speak and write of the oppressions of Saigon and are silent concerning the more systematic and foreclosing oppressions of Hanoi and Peking. South Vietnam is today the one fluid combat front of Communist expansion. The pressure for that expansion will not be relaxed if Saigon shows greater concern for popular welfare. Ho Chi Minh's boys were not less zealous in assassinating Trotskyites (once the strongest political group in Cochin China) than they were in killing Diem's rural officials. A more democratic, liberal, or even socialist regime in Saigon would not, so far as we have grounds for judgment, be any more to Ho Chi Minh's taste than is the present regime—unless the new government were controlled by his party comrades. The Communists would equally call any new government an American puppet unless they knew it to be *their* puppet. The Communists also would probably accept, even as a transitional regime, only a Communist-controlled "fatherland front," after the pattern of the post-1945 transitional regimes of Eastern Europe. (In Vietnam that interim regime already has its name: National Liberation Front.) Only in the presence of such a regime, dominated by their men, would the Communists willingly cease insurgency. But they have played this identical front game over and over again, in various countries. How does it come about that there is such an inexhaustible supply of innocents—always ready to be deceived once again by the same trick?

Still. Surely it makes sense, in the long run, in any region, for outsiders who are distinguishably outsiders to withdraw and to allow a regional equilibrium to be established among the forces recognized to be at home in that place? Is not a regional Concert of Power to be preferred to the constant interference of a self-appointed policeman?

Certainly. If there are regions so separate. And if these regions contain forces to make up a Concert. But in East Asia there is only one regional power which is militant and outward-reaching—Communist China. (The USSR, like the USA, is to be accounted a world power, not a regional one, despite Siberia.) The other large nations—Japan and India—absent themselves from every matter beyond their own frontiers. The survival, up to now, of a Burma as an "unaligned" power can afford no reasoned confidence. We have less than one year (Oct. 1, 1949 to June 27, 1950) of experience with a Communist China free of United States "containment." During those months, the Korean war was initiated, and the Viet Minh went over to the heavy, mobile attack on French military positions which, by October 1950, drove the French out of all the Vietnam provinces along the China border. American withdrawal would reopen this short chapter of non-containment.

In East Asia, there is no regional Concert to shield the weak. The smallest states—Nepal, Cambodia—have already recognized that China is the one power they must conciliate. After an American withdrawal, Burma and Thailand—or even Malaya and Indonesia—would have no greater range of choice.

To withdraw is a reasoned policy when one knows three things: why one is withdrawing; to what depth one is withdrawing; and what one will do beyond that depth. To withdraw may be not only rational but also honorable—when withdrawal does not reflect disregard of expectations long nurtured in others, who may be the more affected by the withdrawal. (Withdrawal sent decent German Social-Democrats of the Sudetenland to Nazi concentration camps.) To withdraw from Vietnam in 1964 is not the same as to withdraw after the Geneva accords of July 1954.

A great essay in advocacy of withdrawal was written twenty-five years ago by Alfred North Whitehead.* At issue for him was the withdrawal of the West European democracies from the defense of Czechoslovakia. He was eloquent:

> . . . neither France nor Great Britain can directly reach the Czech State, to secure its immediate defense . . . To have a world war in opposition to this Pan-German movement would be madness . . . English policy should be basically non-European. In England excited intellectuals are focused on Europe. . . .

It will never do to be an excited intellectual. But one needs also to be a cool and consequent withdrawer. To withdraw from support of Czechoslovakia in September 1938 might have been part of a rational policy. But to follow the withdrawal of September 1938 by offering to guarantee Poland and Rumania in March 1939—instead of again withdrawing—this was to convert the whole sequence into an idiocy. Advocates of withdrawal from Vietnam should take counsel. Up to where will they withdraw? Thailand? Malaya? Indonesia? India? Japan? Or will they also convert an initial (possibly rational) withdrawal into an idiocy by feverishly rushing forward to give undertakings for a romantic riposte six months later?

V

RESIST THE fighting advance of Communism in Vietnam? Why of course. For those who can, it is one episode, and not the least important, in living as politically responsible human beings in this time. But please, Mr. American, no romanticism and no extravagant goals.

The high classic expression of the spirit of resistance is, quite naturally, Jewish or Judean.

*"An Appeal To Sanity," March 1939. Reprinted in *Essays In Science and Philosophy*, 1947.

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It occurs, among other places, in I Maccabees, Chapter 9. There Jonathan says:

> Let us stand up now and fight for our lives, for today is not like yesterday nor the day before. Here the battle is before us and behind us . . . There is no place to turn away.

I cite this expression to reject it. It is inappropriate to our case. For every separate person, the day of birth and death is, of course, unique. But, for the American community generally, Vietnam has no uniqueness. Today *is* like yesterday. We can lose this engagement and recover. This resistance is not a game of dominoes.

Heroics are the more out of place because it is Vietnamese who are doing the fighting. American casualties in a decade are less than from one week-end of motor-car accidents. American supply may now be in the range of $550 million a year, and it might rise to $750 million. So what? Except by the measure of our American official "war against poverty," such amounts are trifling in relation to any great object.

South Vietnam has over 15 million people (and North Vietnam over 17 million). It would be a matter for profound concern—as an indication that resistance had little popular support—if a people so numerous could not provide the combat personnel for local fighting on the present scale. It must be a counsel of desperation that American soldiers, and not Vietnamese soldiers, should fight where guerrilla fighters operate in the midst of a civilian Vietnamese population. But making Vietnam clean of American combat personnel cannot be a matter of high principle. Many thousands of North Vietnam cadres were trained in China; it is no issue of principle that American specialists instead go to the trainees. In earlier years, for which we have more witnesses, Chinese specialist personnel were observed in North Vietnam in a great variety of activities, military and non-military. If—as seems unlikely—guerrilla operations were to be followed by a frontal attack, North Vietnamese but not Chinese, some Americans might find themselves fighting in a combat role not totally different from that of Korea. The range of activities of Americans in Vietnam must be a matter of prudence, judgment, and tactics. This range cannot wisely be fixed once and for all, while the determining political and military considerations remain variable.

The romanticism of resistance remains a danger. No crushing military victory is to be achieved in Vietnam. The purpose of resistance there is preventive, not offensive. As a base for escalated warfare, Vietnam has no value. As a theater of insurgent and guerrilla warfare, it burdens the defense greatly and the attackers little. The South Vietnam authorities claim an attrition of about 25,000 guerrillas in 1963. Even if true, this number is of minor importance to North Vietnam and of trifling significance to China. Most of the guerrillas come from the South anyway, and attrition has not visibly shrunk their number. In view of China's general commitment to national liberation and socialism, in view of the drive of the North Vietnam regime to achieve unification under Communism, both of these high directing centers might well be prepared, if necessary, to sustain the present level of insurgent operations forever. Indeed, they may prefer a higher level of engagement.

WHAT then is, for the United States, the rational object of resistance in Vietnam? Why, of course, peace. Peace without deserting those who have placed their reliance in us. Peace, therefore, without Communist victory. Peace without having to be engaged again, a few months later, in some slightly withdrawn place, against the same enemy (but now wearing a different mask), and this next time having to fight back in the company of more demoralized associates. Peace without encouraging those forces in world Communism who have been contending, in these very years, that the opponents of Communist expansion are paper tigers—that it needs only a breath of optimism and a display of leadership militancy for national liberation and socialism, *à la* Mao, to triumph everywhere.

But it is not at all certain that resistance can bring peace without Communist victory in South Vietnam in the next years. Insurgency and guerrilla warfare may continue—now retreating, now advancing—year after year. Internally, no one can be certain that, even with large American assistance, conditions will be created in the countryside which will halt the recruitment of guerrillas. Externally, the fighting in South Vietnam simply does not now burden Hanoi or Peking enough to induce them to accept peace without victory. Why should they stop? Perhaps the Americans will lose patience and go home. Perhaps President de Gaulle will help achieve this departure.

It is possible, of course, for the United States deliberately to escalate the level of warfare, so as to increase the burden on Hanoi and Peking. But to raise the level of damage is to raise the level of risk. At the present risk level, there is no calculable break-out point. One can only resist, be patient, strive for better social relations, try to improve fighting efficiency, and hope for that break on which one can not count.

Perhaps this circle can be broken only by widening it. To widen means to take major forward steps in general relations between China

*I have given some account of my views on accommodation between China and the United States in COMMENTARY of November 1962. The subsequent fifteen months have brought a modest forward step by the United States, none by China.

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and the United States.* Those steps are not to be had by the will of one party. Until wills are joined, in much greater degree than at present, prospects cannot be very cheerful. Resistance alone will probably not suffice to achieve an acceptable peace in Vietnam.

VI

NEITHER Hanoi nor Peking has acknowledged publicly that their objective, in sustaining the insurgency of the National Liberation Front, is to annex the South to a unified, Communist Vietnam. That public expression was left to the erratic and garrulous Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia. Sihanouk has explained* that (since he is not accepted at his own valuation in other capitals) he will go to Peking, there to seek influence over ". . . the ultimate masters of South Vietnam —that is, the Government of North Vietnam." Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos has also said publicly that it is apparently only in Peking, and not in Moscow, that one can achieve important influence over Hanoi (and so restraint of his own disrupters of the peace, the insurgent Pathet Lao). But Souvanna Phouma distinguishes himself in the more important matter: unlike Sihanouk, he does *not* concede that Hanoi need be victorious over all resistance.

All along, since the beginning of their accelerated insurgency in 1958, but especially since the announcement of a National Liberation Front in December 1960, the Communist propaganda line has been of a distinctly interim character. With all local differences, how it rings in one's ears with the tones of the post-1945 East European fatherland fronts! Give the land to the peasants. Unite all Vietnamese in brotherly concord, with exclusion only of a few especially guilty people. Establish democratic government as a coalition of all progressive parties. Punish the corrupt, oppressive officials of former governments. Then two distinctly local notes: throw out the Americans; unify North and South through free general elections.

What a joy to the National Liberation Front to hear President de Gaulle—first vaguely in the summer of 1963, then explicitly early in 1964—speak of Vietnam in the Front's own language. (Just so I recall the delight of pro-Nazis in the Britain of the middle 1930's on hearing Lord Lothian speak of Czechoslovakia in the Englished *Gleichberechtigung* of Hitler and Henlein.) Foreign Minister Couve de Murville did his best (in February 1964) to reassure French senators that the neutralization which the French government was advocating for Southeast Asia could never be transferred to Central Europe. No one spoke of transfer to France. What an example of Europe-centered myopia!

Perhaps, however, an interpretation of these French pronouncements that is at once more cynical and more generous may be the correct one. The Chinese, perhaps the French say to themselves, are in any case going to make a clean sweep of Southeast Asia. (It is difficult to believe, said M. Couve de Murville, that the Americans can win in Vietnam with 20,000 men, where France failed with 200,000.) But the Americans are naïve people. They are trapped by their own rhetorical fine sentiments. Resistance to Communist aggression, indeed! Let us give them some other fine words—neutralization, independence, unification. When the Americans have absorbed enough beatings, they will change. Then they will drop their own fine words, and borrow ours. "Withdrawal" is a naked word. In politics, it does not do to go naked. One day, when they are sadder and wiser, the Americans will be grateful to us for covering their nakedness.

Had such wisdom prevailed uniformly on other occasions, there might today be no France. But the leadership of France is not, at this time, of the character of mind to judge and value the problems of others as France would herself be judged and valued.

In any case, France is powerless in Asia. Avoiding involvements and responsibilities, she can influence events only by acting upon others. But these French pronouncements have already sharply narrowed the range of her action and influence. A French mediating role is discredited among all those in Southeast Asia who are concerned to resist Communist penetration. Perhaps in the end, therefore, the French positive contribution will have been only to recall one simple fact: one facet of the Vietnam problem is the role of Peking. No general peace can be achieved in East Asia except by measures of restraint, balance, or accommodation directed toward China.

*New York *Times*, March 1964. For a perceptive vignette, see "The Wayward Prince" in the *New Statesman* of December 27, 1963.

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DAN JACOBSON

JEWISH WRITING IN ENGLAND

NOT VERY LONG ago I was invited to appear on a Brains Trust at a Jewish function in London. One of the questions put to the members of the panel was: "When do we know, as readers, that a work is 'Jewish'?" I offered what seemed to me a very simple rule-of-thumb answer; I said that if we were reading a work about Jews by a Jewish writer, then we could pretty safely assume that the work was Jewish. If anything, I felt this answer was too narrow to be satisfactory; I was all the more surprised, therefore, when the other members of the panel rounded indignantly upon me for my lack of critical zeal. A work was *not* Jewish, they said, simply because it happened to be by a Jew and about Jews: a work could be called Jewish only when . . . and here each of them went into a description of the qualities he or she most desired in any work of literature which dealt in any way with Jews or Jewish themes. A work could be called Jewish only if it was suffused with reverence for the Jewish past; only if it was imbued with a real knowledge of Jewish traditions; only if it portrayed sympathetically the struggles of the Jewish people in the contemporary era; only if it had the effect of consolidating the fellow-feelings that Jews had toward one another—and so on. These sentiments were much applauded by the audience, and on that note the discussion ended.

Altogether, that little exchange that evening left me with the feeling that one of the main problems facing the Anglo-Jewish writer today is the Anglo-Jewish audience. It is an audience which wants, above all else, to be comforted; it wants to be continually assured that its ways are just, its habits good, its impulses generous, its traditions ennobling and fully alive, its institutions worthy of reverence. Now it is obvious that only people who are deeply insecure are as much in need of comfort and reassurance as parts of the Jewish audience repeatedly show themselves to be. And what they are insecure about—we need no psychoanalyst to tell us—is their relationship to their own Jewishness, and the relationship of that Jewishness to the outside world: the outside world which will, it is supposed, "use" against the Jews any indiscretion on the part of the Jewish writer.

That the Jewish audience, or parts of it, should be insecure in this way, may be something to regret, but it can hardly be a matter for surprise and indignation. In point of fact, I don't believe that the Anglo-Jewish community is in this respect much more hypersensitive than any other—witness the very interesting article, "Writing About Jews," by Philip Roth, published a few months ago in COMMENTARY,* in which he described some hostile Jewish reactions to his own work. Mr. Roth was surprised and indignant; perhaps for this reason he didn't altogether avoid the self-righteousness which he was condemning in others. Nevertheless, he did make plain just how timorous and comfort-seeking a large part of the American Jewish audience is in its attitude toward its writers. I mention his article particularly because, in view of the things I intend saying about the American-Jewish writers and the community from which they come, I don't want it to be supposed that I imagine all is well, everything is easy for the Jews over there, while only we here in England have it hard.

Still, in considering the present state of Anglo-Jewish writing, a good point of departure is the vigor and audacity of the work of the many American-Jewish writers—novelists, poets, critics, sociologists—who at least since the end of the Second World War have been finding a wide, attentive audience within the United States. In addition to those whose

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*December 1963

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names are well established, any reader of the American periodicals will know that there is an appreciable number of other, younger men and women who are producing work of genuine literary merit and of great Jewish interest. We in England have nothing comparable. I know that there is some self-congratulation, and some unease, within the Anglo-Jewish community about the number of novelists and playwrights who have recently emerged here; and this development is interesting and encouraging. But critically speaking, it can hardly be denied that very little indeed of what has been done here begins to compare in quality with what the best of the Americans are doing.

Why should this be so? Why have we—if someone who has lived in England, on and off, for only ten years can speak of "us"—why have we not done better? What conditions are there in the Anglo-Jewish community, and in English society at large, which have inhibited a strong, distinctive literary exploration of Anglo-Jewish experience? Why is our contribution to English writing, and especially to modern English writing, so small?

THE ANSWER I would like to put forward might strike many English Jews as curious or perhaps even absurd. My belief is that the Jewish contribution to English writing has been as meager as it is because the Anglo-Jewish community has not yet found any role for itself, as a community, to play in the life of the country as a whole. Furthermore, I believe that the character of English society as such makes it peculiarly difficult for the Anglo-Jewish community to find a satisfactory and rewarding role for itself.

But why, it may be asked, am I going off on a search for complicated explanations of the paucity of good Anglo-Jewish writing when there is a very simple one at hand: the paucity of Jews in England? How can I compare the five million Jews in the United States, concentrated in great cities like New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, with the 450,000 Jews in this country? The community here is one-tenth of the size of that of the United States. Have we not, in our minuscule way, done well enough? Isn't that the answer to the problem—or pseudo-problem—I have raised? And can't we leave it at that, with no hurt feelings on any side?

I don't believe that we can. I don't believe that numbers alone provide an answer to the problem. I could mention here the example of the German-Jewish community, which was only very slightly larger than the Anglo-Jewish community, and which yet produced writers and thinkers who can be said without exaggeration to have transformed the world's consciousness. But I would also like to mention a much more modest example, with which I am much more familiar: the South African-Jewish community. That community is only about a quarter of the size of the one in England, but it has played a part in the intellectual life of South Africa out of all proportion to its numbers. Admittedly, South African intellectual life is not—never has been—very imposing, strenuous, or dense; the South African Jews did not have to compete, as it were, in the writing of books, in the universities, the law courts, or the theaters, with any established, formidable intellectual institutions and traditions such as England can boast of. But once that consideration has been brought into the discussion, we are no longer talking of numbers as the simple, decisive factor in the argument, and have begun instead to talk of roles, of opportunities, of the character of the general society in which the particular Jewish community has found itself.

As to all these, my pessimistic thesis is that there has been no place in England for the Jews; that this is something of which the English Jews have been aware; and that it has constricted them culturally and imaginatively in many significant ways. To say this is not to suggest that the English are peculiarly anti-Semitic, or especially hostile to the establishment and maintenance of the Jewish community here. That would clearly be untrue. The community is well-established and, as countries in Europe go, anti-Semitism has never been much of a problem in England, least of all a political problem. Nor am I suggesting that it is impossible for individual Jews to achieve distinction in any sphere of English intellectual life: how untrue that would be is shown to us by the number of eminent Jews who have managed to do so.

But I am suggesting that English society, as we have it today and as we have had it in the past, is inimical to the development within the Jewish community of a sense of that community's being in any way whatsoever central to the society. It is inimical to the community's feeling itself entitled to test within its own experience the major assumptions and ambitions, the ideals and realities, of the society as a whole. The irony is that English so-

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ciety is inimical to this development for reasons which contribute greatly to the attraction of living in England, and to the strength and resourcefulness of the English character.

The first thing which strikes an outsider about English society is its cohesiveness and continuity—its "organic" quality, to use a word which is much in fashion today. (True, the people who use the word habitually do so in a context of deploring the disappearance of that quality from English life. It may be that from within they are entitled to speak as mournfully as they do; but from without these things strike the onlooker rather differently.) To the outsider, in spite of all the changes which have overtaken English society during the last decades, England remains a country inhabited by what still appears to be in some curious way a single family. (I am leaving out of account the Scots, Irish, and Welsh, who have their own wars with England to conduct; let us fight on one front at a time.) A single family, moreover, which has been in possession of its estate for so long that it has forgotten—or has never felt the need—to specify to itself just how it came into its estate, what the rights of each member of the family should be, or how he came by those rights which he does evidently possess. Like any house that has been lived in for a long time by one family, England is, in fact, a muddle, even a mess. But the muddle—look at the position of the Church of England "as by law established"; or the monarchy; or the ancient universities; or the way the law is administered; or the class system, which has always seemed to me, in its very deviousness, self-absorption, and malice, one of the things that make the English, on every level of society, most like a single family—the muddle is symptomatic of the unity of the country, and of the unspoken, inexplicit, taken-for-granted quality that this unity has.

The English preen themselves so much on their "empiricism" that one is reluctant to say anything in praise of it; yet it is true that England is a country which is committed to a remarkable degree to precedent, custom, and usage, and very little to abstract theory. It is through muddles like those I have mentioned—and one could easily think of others—that the English character has expressed itself, around them that the English have built up their institutions, and from within them that English literature, looked at over a long period, has emerged. The muddles work as well as they do because the members of the family know each other as well as they do: they know more or less what to expect from each other. The question facing the Jewish community in England is: how does one become a member of this family? Can one become a member of it? And if one is not a member of it, what is one doing here?

ALL THIS may seem to some readers pretty remote from what we usually think of as literature or literary problems, Jewish or otherwise: very remote indeed from the individual writer sitting in his room with a blank page in front of him and wondering how he is going to fill it. But every writer who is at all deeply engaged in his work must be aware, with a greater or lesser degree of consciousness, of the nature of the society in which his work will take its place, and in which he hopes it will have its effect; and the nature of his work must be affected by that awareness. And if there is any truth in what I have been suggesting, the Anglo-Jewish writer is confronted—not in any abstract way, but at every turn—by a society which has its very being in ways which exclude him from a feeling of true intimacy with it. It is a society by descent, so to speak; an inheritance; a family which, like all families, resists any attempt on the part of anyone outside it to re-order its affairs, or even simply to share quietly in them. One may perhaps regard the fact that the English literary tradition is riddled with anti-Semitism of every conceivable variety as an example of that resistance. Yet this is the tradition from which the Anglo-Jewish writer has to learn his craft.

If we turn by way of comparison to conditions in the United States, the first thing that has to be said is that there is enough of Europe, enough of England even, in that country to make some of what I have said applicable there, too. Yet the differences, ultimately, are more striking than the similarities. When one looks at the United States, one cannot help feeling that the American-Jewish community occupies a critical place, a place of particular sensitivity, in the life of the country as a whole, and that the writers who have emerged from that community have an authority, given them by their society, to ask what questions they like of it, and to test the answers on their own pulses. To put it very crudely, their authority, their place, is given to them, in the first instance, by the Declaration of Independence, with its programmatic declaration that all men are cre-

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ated equal; and, even more momentously, by that formal written Constitution which England lacks, and which, among other things, specifically guaranteed freedom of conscience in religious matters. I referred a moment ago to English society as having "its very being" in ways which exclude the Jewish writer from a feeling of true intimacy with it. In precisely the same sense, I would now say that the American society has "its very being" as an existing entity, as a state among other states, by a promise of full admission to the Jews, along with many others.

Being the traditional outcasts and victims of the orders of the Old World, the Jews are in the strongest of positions to compare the realities of life in the United States with the ideals the country has declared for itself, the living assumptions of the society with its stated ones, its achievements with its ambitions. The Negroes have perhaps an even greater right than the Jews to be regarded as the test cases of American civilization, and they are now asserting that right with great vigor. But the Jews, in their own way, have always been concerned to assert it, too. And one of the ways they are doing it, now that the community is no longer mainly made up of immigrants, now that it has won for itself some wealth, status, and leisure, is through its writers. The American-Jewish writers are asking large questions of their country; they are asking America to justify itself to them as Jews, as Americans—as both equally. That they feel themselves fully entitled to do this remains true no matter how unequal men in the United States really are, no matter how much exclusion the Jew, as a Jew—or the Negro as a Negro—may suffer. In fact, as the Negroes are now showing, the more a group is excluded, the more challenging it must become to any American's idea of himself and his country.

Is there any role comparable to that of the American-Jewish community which the Anglo-Jewish community can play in the life of England, and which its writers can make articulate in imaginative works? Quite frankly, it is difficult for me to imagine one. Yet the Anglo-Jewish writer is committed, willy-nilly, to looking for some such role, to trying to create one for himself, if only because he uses the English language and so cannot help mediating between the group he comes from and the larger group he must find himself addressing. The strains of the search are shown clearly enough in the work that the best Jewish writers have done in this country. There are three writers I am thinking of in particular, none of them contemporary, whose examples are of special interest: each tried to make use of Jewish themes in his work, and to relate these themes to his preoccupations as a writer in English, of England; otherwise they have nothing in common. The three I am thinking of are Disraeli, Zangwill, and—the least known, but the most gifted in purely literary terms—Isaac Rosenberg, the poet, who died in the trenches of the First World War.

Disraeli, as we know, was a chameleon—a fantasist and a consummate politician, a Tory and a radical, a believer in an alliance of the aristocracy and the poor, an upholder of the Established Church and a self-conscious, indeed a racist, Jew. When he came to deal with the Jews in his fiction he was anxious to assert that he, a Sephardic Jew, was for just that reason an aristocrat, a member of the most ancient, the most enduring, the most blue-blooded aristocracy of all. This fantasy blended curiously well with others that he nourished, especially the fantasy of his passionate, romantic imperialism. What, I suppose, his imperialism had in common with his Semitism (I can't think of any other name for his thoughts on the Jews) was internationalism—an internationalism which reflected his own profound alienation from the established, traditional "Little England" of his political opponents; an internationalism which showed the extremes to which he was pushed by his search for self-justification as a Jew, as a writer, and as a political aspirant.

Disraeli failed to make art of his Jewish and imperialist fantasies; the truly astonishing thing is that he did manage for a time to make successful politics out of them. However, even his political legacy isn't one to which any of us would now like to make much claim. Imperialism is over and done with; and so too, I hope, is the talk of "race" that he so much delighted in. So it wouldn't seem that there is much we can now hope to learn, directly, from his strange example; there is no path he took which we can imagine ourselves following. Can we learn more from Zangwill? I think not. Zangwill was a serious man, and so he was serious about his Jewishness, as his misguided but fervent sponsorship of the Territorialist Movement at the turn of the century showed. But as a writer of fiction (and I admit that it is a long time since I last read him, and I may be doing him an injustice), he was a purveyor of exotica. This is a task

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which many Jewish writers have been tempted to perform; some are still tempted by it today. But even when the Jews were really a strange and unfamiliar people in England, the task was a self-limiting one; today it is vacuous.

Lastly, there is Isaac Rosenberg, who was just finding himself as a poet when he was killed. In the *Collected Poems* we can watch him struggling, on his own, with wonderful originality and courage, to set aside the prevailing notions of what poetry should be, and to create the kind of poetry in which the telling of truth would be possible. He succeeded in a handful of poems which, I believe, will give him a permanent place in the history of English poetry. But there is only that handful; we cannot say how his talent would have developed, we cannot know how he would have dealt further with the Jewish and Biblical themes which recur throughout his work, and which express both his sense of estrangement from the world he was writing for—even his estrangement from the language he was learning to use with such power—and his radical dissatisfaction with that estrangement, his determination to find a way out of it. This last aspect of his work is one of the most inspiriting things about it; there was nothing passive in his attitude to the isolation of his own position; he was determined to understand and to overcome it, to express fully and with authority everything he was and had experienced. But he died before he had the opportunity to do so.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the examples I have mentioned have been, with the equivocal exception of Rosenberg, as discouraging as the argument I intended them to illustrate. Yet what does surprise me, looking back, is the cheerfulness of the two major assumptions which have been implicit within that argument. The first assumption is that English society is going to maintain its past and present cohesiveness, to keep in good repair its continuity with its own past, to retain its distinctiveness and individuality. The second assumption is that the Jewish community in England is also going to remain a recognizable, distinctive community, with a future ahead of it as long as its past. These are optimistic assumptions. Even if we try to set aside the dangers which threaten our sheer existence, it could be argued by a more thoroughgoing pessimist than myself that distinctions of the kind I've been dealing with are doomed anyway: that technological developments and their cultural consequences are making it inevitable that England, like the rest of the world, should be sundered from its past, shorn of true, living traditions, and deprived of any distinctive future; that we are all becoming parts of one shapeless, neutered mass. A pessimist would say that I have been talking about so many archaic trivialities, nothing more.

But if my optimistic assumptions are correct, if English society is to endure in all its individuality, it is also certain that it will have to change radically. Some of these changes are already taking place, with more or less pain. No longer a great imperial power, England has yet become the metropolitan country for a host of new states and societies whose language is a kind of English and whose ambitions for themselves are modeled, in however distorted a fashion, upon English patterns. The influx of colored immigrants is doing more than reinforce among the English old prejudices (though that is happening all too often); it is forcing them to deal consciously with problems they have hitherto managed to ignore, or whose mishandling by others they have been able simply to deplore from a distance. England's relationship to Europe has become a subject of continual debate; and the notion that this country has nothing to learn, intellectually or culturally, from the United States has by now been pretty thoroughly discredited. And, though it may seem a very minor matter to mention among such big issues, I think it worth recording that there is a surprisingly large number of writers from the Commonwealth countries whose books are being read here, and whose work is being absorbed into the English idea of what their literature is about. The country—the family—is being prized open. One can hope that, having its own special experience of English life to bring, the Anglo-Jewish community will be able to take advantage of, and contribute positively to, the flexibility and openness that English society must now develop.

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CHARLES E. SILBERMAN

UP FROM APATHY—THE WOODLAWN EXPERIMENT

In recent years a growing number of liberals—reflecting the wistful American notion that with enough money any problem can be solved—have been pushing for a federal "crash program" to remove the disabilities and deprivations that bar Negroes from full participation in American society. Yet expenditures for welfare assistance have been rising at a rapid rate in every large city, and without making a dent in the problem. Many of these expenditures, in fact, have either been wasted or have proved to be a positive disservice to the dependent poor. One need not agree with Julius Horwitz, the novelist who was once a welfare worker, that the whole system of public assistance is an "ugly, diseased social growth [that] must be removed from American life." But few can argue with the studied judgment of Professor S. M. Miller of Syracuse University that "Welfare assistance in its present form tends to encourage dependence, withdrawal, diffused hostility, indifference, ennui." For there is mounting evidence that the present welfare system is self-perpetuating—that far from relieving dependency, it *encourages* dependency.

Nor does the answer lie in expanding the number of social workers, settlement houses, mental-health clinics, and the like. In New York City, the *Directory of Social and Health Agencies* runs to 721 pages; social work is one of the city's major industries. In the Harlem-Upper Manhattan area alone, there are, according to a study by the Protestant Council of the City of New York, some 156 separate agencies serving an estimated 240,000 people—roughly 40 per cent of the total population of the area. Without question, there are gaps here and there in the services offered, and many existing services are grossly inadequate. But it seems clear that the solution to Harlem's problems does not lie in any extension of the present system.

What has gone wrong? First of all, social agencies and social workers have concentrated more on symptoms than on causes—and on symptoms seen and treated individually rather than in connection with other symptoms. This concern with symptoms has been a reflection, in good measure, of the social-work profession's preoccupation with case work and the study and treatment of individual maladjustment. Unlike the early sociologists, many of whom were reformers, contemporary sociologists and social workers, as Lewis Coser points out, have focused their attention "predominantly upon problems of adjustment rather than upon conflict." Their goal, that is, has been to teach maladjusted individuals to adjust to society as it is, rather than to change those aspects of society that make the individuals what they are. Social workers in particular have religiously followed Freud when they should have been listening to Emile Durkheim. For the troubles of the slum arise far less from individual neurosis (though certainly there is plenty of that) than from an objective lack of opportunity, from a social system that denies dignity and status to the individual.

The obsession with case work and individual pathology has had another unfortunate effect: the great bulk of resources, both financial and professional, have been devoted to "multi-problem families," who not only make up a small proportion of the population of the slums, but who are also the people least likely to benefit from public assistance. The great majority of slum dwellers work hard for very little material reward; they try their best to raise themselves, and their children, out of the morass in which they have been caught. Their problem is not a lack of good intent, but simply that their best is not good enough. Accordingly, the anthropologist, Thomas Gladwin, has suggested that it might be useful to revive the old distinction between the "deserving" and the "undeserving" poor (those who are truly antisocial in their behavior, destroying other people's lives or property, trading in narcotics, etc.). The fact that the two groups live in the same neighborhood in much the same way reflects a common state rather than a common interest, and social welfare resources might be far more effective if directed at the deserving rather than the undeserving poor.

Ultimately, however, the failure of the enormous American social welfare effort stems from the same factor that has produced the political strain between Negroes and white liberals: the idea of doing things *for* Negroes instead of *with*

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them—an approach that destroys the dignity and arouses the hostility of the people who are supposed to be helped. A particularly candid expression of this patronizing frame of mind—"welfare colonialism," as some critics call it—is found in a report published two years ago by Raymond M. Hilliard, director of the Cook County (Chicago) Department of Public Aid. In proposing that those on relief be deprived of their benefits unless they go to school, the report asserts: "Society stands in the same relation to them as that of parent to child. . . . Just as the child is expected to attend classes, so also the 'child-adult' must be expected to meet his responsibility to the community. In short, 'social uplifting'—even if begun on the adult level—cannot expect to meet with success unless it is combined with a certain amount of 'social disciplining'—just as it is on the pre-adult level."

Small wonder, then, that these "child-adults" should hate the colonial administrators who come to "uplift" them through "social discipline," or that they try to sabotage the disciplinarians' program. One typical East Harlem adolescent put it as follows to Richard Hammer of the *New York Times Magazine:*

> Most of them are rat fink types. They act like they think we're not human. They think they've got all there is, and all they've got to do is to convert us to think and do what they think and do . . . Man, these jerks pop up in the morning with their little briefcases, and they cut out for their homes a hell of a way away around 5 or 6 at night, and that's it. If you are ever nuts enough to go to one of them they hand you the old crap, "Now, son, you shouldn't feel that way."

In general, the social workers and administrators remain aliens in a world they cannot understand and frequently do not even see. There is a large "youth center" in Harlem, for example, which provides counseling to some five thousand adolescents a year. Unbeknownst to the staff, the center was also a major contact point for the sale of narcotics—a fact discovered with ease by the Negro interviewers of HARYOU (Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited Inc., a federally supported research and demonstration program) when they began talking to the neighborhood kids.

The alienation of the welfare worker from the life of his clients is reinforced by the policing role the system requires him to play. In New York City, whose public relief administration is perhaps the most enlightened and sympathetic in the country, welfare workers are called "investigators," which is indeed what they are: in New York, as almost everywhere else, the administration of welfare is mainly a matter of enforcing regulations. The result, as S. M. Miller puts it, is that "the poor, thought of as being ignorant, illiterate, and unimaginative, have developed a variety of ways of coping with the welfare worker." They become "welfare-wise," and so enforcement on the one side produces a "matching effort of evasion on the other."

To be sure, many welfare workers resist the role of "social disciplinarians." But whether they do or not, the system still undermines self-respect, increases dependency, and arouses hostility. Where the Negro is concerned, moreover, these failures are aggravated by an inability to grasp the most basic fact about behavior in the Negro slums. The slowness of "acculturation" among Negro slumdwellers is caused less by ignorance or apathy, than by an ingrained resistance to what Negroes call "going along with Mr. Charlie's program"—and to go along with Mr. Charlie's program is to betray your race. To compound matters, public officials, civic leaders, and foundation executives frequently draw up and publicize new programs for the downtrodden Negroes without bothering to consult those who are to be "uplifted." In city after city, Negro leaders have taken to telling their putative benefactors that they refuse to be planned for as though they were "children" or "guinea pigs in sociological experiments."

WHAT ALL this means is that Negroes, like every other group, can be helped in only one way: by giving them the means with which to help themselves. In the last analysis, the rejection by Negroes of the conventional offers of help—the resentment they show—springs less from injustice per se than from their sense of inadequacy and impotence. White philanthropy, white liberalism, white sympathy and support, no less than white bigotry and discrimination, have had the effect of preventing Negroes from standing on their own feet, from "exercising their full manhood rights," to use W. E. B. DuBois's phrase. What Negroes need more than anything else is to be treated like men—and to believe in their hearts that they *are* men, men who can stand on their own feet and control their own destinies. Consequently, Negroes will not be able to climb out of their slums *en masse* until they can act in their own behalf—until they are in a position to make or to influence the decisions that affect them—until, in a word, they acquire power.

But can this be done? Can Negroes be mobilized in the face of the apathy and anomie of the Negro slum? The answer, quite simply, is that it *has* been done—in the Chicago slum of Woodlawn. Created in 1960, The Woodlawn Organization is a federation of some eighty-five or ninety groups, including thirteen churches (virtually all those with any influence in the community), three businessmen's associations, and an assortment of block clubs, neighborhood associations, and social groups of one kind or another; all told, the organizations represented in TWO have a membership of about 30,000. As the first broadly representative organization to be created in a Negro neighborhood, TWO is probably the most

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significant social experiment going on among Negroes in America today.

The existence of any coherent organization in Woodlawn would seem to be a complete anomaly. An oblong slum directly to the south of the University of Chicago campus, it contains between eighty-thousand and one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand people, depending on how the area is defined. Until the 1930's, Woodlawn was part of the university community—a desirable residential area with broad shady streets, excellent transportation facilities, and a respectable admixture of private homes and apartment houses. The decline of the neighborhood began during the Great Depression, and accelerated during the postwar rush to the suburbs. Around 1950, Negroes from the neighboring Black Belt started moving in, and the trickle soon turned into a torrent as Woodlawn became the "port-of-entry" for Negroes migrating to Chicago from the South. Within a decade, Woodlawn had become a virtually all-Negro slum. Today, nearly 25 per cent of the area's residents receive some form of welfare. They also pay an average of eighty-four dollars a month in rent—more than ten dollars above the city average—for an average housing unit of 2.2 rooms. There is a flourishing traffic in gambling, narcotics, and prostitution. The commercial business district is active but declining, with large numbers of vacant stores. In short, Woodlawn is precisely the sort of crowded, decaying, anomic neighborhood which social workers and urban planners assume can never help itself.

Yet Woodlawn *is helping itself; it is taking* concerted action toward a variety of goals. The impetus for The Woodlawn Organization came from three Protestant ministers and a Catholic priest, who had "worn out the seats of several good pairs of trousers attending an uncountable number of meetings held to 'do something about Woodlawn.'" After investigating various approaches to community organization, the clergymen "took the plunge," as two of them put it, and invited Saul D. Alinsky, executive director of the Industrial Areas Foundation, to help organize the Woodlawn community.

A sociologist and criminologist by training, Alinsky is a specialist in creating mass organizations that enable "the so-called 'little man' [to] gather into his hands the power he needs to make and shape his life." In the late 1930's, he was a leading force in the creation of Chicago's Back-of-the-Yards Neighborhood Council, which turned the stockyards area into one of the most desirable working-class neighborhoods in the city. Subsequently he established the Industrial Areas Foundation, a non-profit organization which has by now been called in by some forty-four groups across the country.

Though George N. Shuster is president of IAF and other notable figures from labor, management, politics, and religious affairs sit on its board of directors, Alinsky himself is nothing if not controversial. At various times, Alinsky (who is Jewish) has been attacked as a Communist, as a fascist, as a dupe of the Catholic Church and the mastermind of a Catholic conspiracy, as a racist, as a segregationist, and as an integrationist whose aim is to "mongrelize" Chicago. Certainly no one in recent memory has had as great an impact as Alinsky on the city of Chicago; and no one in the United States has proposed a program of action better calculated to rescue slum dwellers —Negroes or whites—from poverty and degradation. For Alinsky is that rarity in American life, a superlative organizer, strategist, and tactician who is also a social philosopher.

Alinsky really believes that the helpless, the poor, the badly educated can solve their own problems if given the chance and the means—that they have the right to decide how their lives should be run and what services they require. "I don't believe that democracy can survive, except as a formality," he has written, "if the ordinary citizen's part is limited to voting—if he is incapable of initiative and unable to influence the political, social, and economic structures surrounding him."

However, the individual can influence these structures in his own behalf only if he has power. As Alinsky sees it, there are two sources of power: money and people. Since the residents of Woodlawn and similar areas do not have money, their only source of power is themselves—and the only way they can draw on that power is by organizing. "The only reason people have ever banded *together*," Alinsky baldly states, "and *the only* reason they ever will, is the fact that organization gives them the power to satisfy their desires or to realize their needs. There never has been any other reason. . . . Even when we talk of a community lifting itself by its bootstraps, we are talking of power. It takes a great deal of power to lift oneself by one's own bootstraps." Needless to say, this kind of frankness offends a good many people who regard any open discussion of power as somehow lacking in taste.

MOST EFFORTS at organizing slum neighborhoods fail, Alinsky argues, not because of the nature of the community but because of the objectives and methods of the planners. The conventional appeal to the interests of homeowners in conserving property values, for instance, is useless in a community like Woodlawn, and even "civil rights" is too abstract. "The daily lives of Woodlawn people," an early Alinsky memo suggested, "leave them with little energy or enthusiasm for realizing principles [redacted] will derive little practical benefit. They know that with their educational and economic handicaps they will be exceptions indeed if they can struggle into a middle class neighborhood or a white collar job." Instead of the conventional middle-class incentives, then, Alinsky uses the

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traditional appeal of trade-union organization: that is, to the self-interest of the local residents and to their resentment and distrust of the outside world. And following union practice, he seeks out and develops a local leadership to embody and direct this appeal.

But just as no factory could ever be organized without pressure and guidance from the outside, so no slum can be organized without a good deal of outside assistance. The mean and difficult job of building the organization must be handled by professionals who know how to deal with the apathy of the slum and who can find a way of bringing its disparate fragments together into a working whole. For more often than not, the indigenous leaders of the slum area are out of touch with one another, and only very rarely do they possess the skills to set up a large organization and keep it running.

AT THE same time, however, the Industrial Areas Foundation is out to make the local community self-sufficient: Alinsky will not enter a community until he is assured that a workable cross-section of the population wants him, and he invariably insists that the community itself, no matter how poor, take over full responsibility for financing the new organization within a period of three years. Alinsky has a standard way of dramatizing the importance of financial independence. There is usually a convention at which the new group formally approves the constitution which has finally been hammered out. Alinsky will take a copy of the document, look at it briefly, and then flick it to the floor. "This constitution doesn't mean a damned thing. As long as the IAF organizers are on my payroll they'll do what I damn well tell them to do and not what it says on any paper like that." After a shocked silence, someone in the audience will inevitably protest: "I thought you were on our side!" "I am," Alinsky answers back. "But think of the number of people who've come down here telling you the same thing, and how many turned out to be two-timing, double-crossing s.o.b.'s. Why should you trust me? The only way you can be sure that the aims in that constitution are carried out is to get the organizers off my payroll and onto your payroll. Then *you* can tell them what to do, and if they don't do it, you can fire them and get someone who will."

The actual work of creating The Woodlawn Organization began in the spring and summer of 1960, eighteen months after the four ministers had called on Alinsky for help. A formal request to IAF now came from the Greater Woodlawn Pastors Alliance, supported by most other groups of any significance in the community, and subsidized by grants from the Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, the Presbyterian church of Chicago, and the Schwarzhaupt Foundation.

How do you begin organizing an area like Woodlawn? Nicholas von Hoffman, chief organizer at the time for the IAF, says with studied casualness, "I found myself at the corner of 63rd and Kimbark and I looked around." What he was looking for were grievances—the basic agent in the Alinsky process of community organization. It didn't take much looking or listening to discover that a major source of complaints was the cheating and exploitation suffered in some of the neighborhood stores. In Woodlawn, as in most low-income areas, credit-purchasing is a pervasive trap. According to Dr. Leber, there were instances of customers being charged interest rates as high as 200 per cent; second-hand merchandise was sold as new; and prices bordered on outright piracy—for example, a six-dollar diamond clip in a gaudy ring setting would be sold for two-hundred-and-fifty dollars, with a "Certificate of Guarantee" attesting that it was a real diamond. Other merchants also took whatever advantage they could of their ignorant customers: thus, food stores regularly gave short weight, overcharged, and in a few cases even rigged their cash register to produce false totals.

Before very long, enough such complaints had piled up to create an issue—one, moreover, on which the legitimate businessmen in the area could unite with the consumers. TWO promptly set up a committee of prominent members of the Businessmen's Association, several ministers, and some of the indigenous leaders of the Woodlawn area. (A leader, in Alinsky's definition, is anyone with a following—anyone, be he bookie, barber, minister, or businessman, to whom residents turn for help.) Together they worked out a Code of Business Ethics covering credit practices, pricing, and advertising. To implement the Code, TWO set up a Board of Arbitration made up of four representatives from the Businessmen's Association and four from consumer groups, wth an impartial chairman from outside the community.

The next stage was to publicize the Code and the new organization. To these ends, a big parade was staged in which nearly one-thousand people, singing and carrying signs, marched through the Woodlawn business section; the demonstration created enough of a stir to make the front pages of most of the Chicago newspapers. The following Saturday, a registered scale and an adding machine were set up at a nearby Catholic church. Shoppers from the suspected markets brought their packages directly to the church, with the result that false weights and false totals were exposed, and most of the offending merchants agreed to comply with the "Square Deal" code. Those who did not were harassed by leaflets distributed throughout the community. Within a few weeks, the "Square Deal" campaign had succeeded in eliminating a considerable amount of exploitation and chicanery. More importantly, it had made the residents of Woodlawn aware that the new organization indeed existed and that it *could* improve some of the circumstances of their lives.

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MOVING QUICKLY to harness the enthusiasm they had aroused, the IAF staff next began to organize rent strikes. A tenant's group was formed wherever a substantial majority of tenants could be persuaded to act together against building code violations—broken windows, defective plumbing work, creaky staircases, inadequate heat, vermin, etc. In each case the owner was given a period of time to make repairs; if it ran out before action had been taken, TWO called a rent strike: rents were withheld from the landlord and deposited in escrow in a special bank account. If a landlord still remained recalcitrant, groups of pickets were dispatched to his own home, where they marched with placards that read: "Your Neighbor is a Slum Lord." The picketing provided an outlet for anger and also gave the Woodlawn residents concerned a rare opportunity to use their color in an affirmative way. For as soon as the Negro pickets appeared in a white suburban block, the landlord would be deluged with phone calls from angry neighbors demanding that he do something to call the pickets off. In response to such pressure, some landlords agreed within a matter of hours to make repairs.

Another early focus for action were overcrowded and segregated schools. When William G. Caples, president of the Board of Education, refused to meet with TWO to discuss their complaints—he denounced the organization as "the lunatic fringe"—a delegation of eighteen Protestant and Catholic pastors staged a sit-in at the executive offices of Inland Steel, where Caples was vice-president in charge of public relations; other TWO members circled the building carrying placards denouncing Caples as a segregationist. (Caples resigned from the Board of Education the following month "because of the pressure of company business.") When the Superintendent of Schools, Benjamin Willis, denied that overcrowding could be relieved by transferring Negro students to all-white schools, TWO sent "truth squads" of mothers into neighboring white schools to photograph empty and half-empty classrooms. TWO members also staged a "death watch" at Board of Education meetings, which they attended in long black capes to symbolize their "mourning" over the plight of their children.

Such programs and tactics soon provoked denunciations of Alinsky as an agitator who dealt in hate and incited conflict. "The fact that a community may be stirred and organized by 'sharpening dormant hostilities' and 'rubbing raw the sores of discontent' is not new," said Julian Levi, in quoting from a TWO memorandum. "The technique has been proved in practice in the asssembling of lynch mobs." Levi is executive director of the South East Chicago Commission and the key figure in the vast urban renewal activities of the University of Chicago, which once had plans of its own for Woodlawn. Specifically, Levi objected to a TWO leaflet naming a local food store and warning people to "watch out" for short weights, spoiled food, and short changing. "If this is what this merchant is really doing," Levi argued, "he should be punished by the court—but with all the safeguards the law provides. This is not the way people should be taught to protect themselves." They should be taught instead, Levi said, to register complaints about spoiled food with the Department of Health, about short weights with the Department of Weights and Measures, and about short change with the Police Department. Levi similarly objected to the tactic of rent strikes. If landlords were violating the building code, TWO should have brought action through the Building Department, following the practice of his South East Chicago Commission, instead of taking the law into its own hands.

But slum dwellers have been complaining to the Building Department and to other city agencies for years, usually to no avail. The reason the South East Chicago Commission has been able to get rapid action on its complaints from the Building Department or any other city agency is that it has political "clout": the Commission is the urban renewal arm of the University of Chicago, whose trustees include some of the most influential businessmen and politicians in the city.* Alinsky and TWO do not have these discreet but powerful influences at their disposal and perforce must rely upon more overt pressures. Levi's criticism, moreover, misses the further point that Alinsky's tactics are designed to serve other purposes besides the exerting of pressure. In TWO the most urgent need was not to persuade the local entrepreneurs to change their ways, but to convince the local population that it could solve some of its own problems through organized action.

The basic characteristic of the Negro slum—and the basic problem in organizing it—is that its "life style" is one of apathy. No organization can be created unless this apathy is overcome, but the slum residents will not be stirred until they see evidence that they *can* change things for the better. This reluctance to act contains a deep element of fear as well as hopelessness, for it is simply not true that the very poor have nothing to lose; in some respects, they have more to lose in their struggles with prevailing authority than the middle class does. They face the danger of having

* In *The Politics of Urban Renewal,* a study of the University's urban renewal program in the Hyde Park-Kenwood area, Peter H. Rossi and Robert A. Dentler note that the influence of the administration and trustees enabled Levi to represent "the most powerful community interests in demanding protection from the Chicago Department of Buildings and the Mayor's Housing and Redevelopment Coordinator. Pressure on real-estate speculators was also channeled through the University's strong connections with the business community. Banks and insurance companies were warned that their funds were in jeopardy when invested as mortgages on illegally converted property in the area. Insurance companies were persuaded to suspend policies written on badly maintained properties."

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a relief check taken away, of being fired from an unskilled patronage job, of having a son on probation remanded to jail—and these are only a few of the reprisals that a politically powerful bureaucracy can impose. Indeed, one of the differences between lower-class Negro communities and middle-class white ones is that while the latter clamor for more protection *by* the police, the former frequently need protection *from* the police. Residents of a place like Woodlawn are often treated brutally and illegally by the police, and it is obvious that the traffic in narcotics, gambling, and prostitution that flourishes in most Negro slums could not go on without the active cooperation of the local police.

The net effect is that a community like Woodlawn seethes with inarticulate resentments and with muffled, dormant hostilities. The slum dwellers are incapable of acting, or even of joining, until these resentments and hostilities are brought to the surface and seen as problems, i.e., conditions they can do something about. Thus Alinsky calmly admits to the charge of being an agitator. "The community organizer," he writes, "digs into a morass of resignation, hopelessness, and despair and works with the local people in articulating (or 'rubbing raw') their resentments." His job is to "agitate to the point of conflict," to formulate grievances and persuade the people to speak out, to hope, and to move—in short, to develop and harness the power needed to change the prevailing patterns.

AGITATION IN itself, however, is not sufficient. To use the language of war (for that is what TWO is conducting), the only way to build an army from scratch is by winning a few victories. But how do you gain a victory before you have an army? The only method is guerrilla warfare: to avoid major battles and to concentrate on hit-and-run tactics designed to gain the small but measurable triumphs that can create a sense of solidarity and elan.

Once guerrilla warfare begins, the best organizing help of all comes from "the enemy"—the established institutions which feel threatened by the new organization. Thus, what really welded the Woodlawn community together was the University of Chicago's announcement on July 19, 1960 that it planned to extend its "South Campus" in Woodlawn by annexing a strip of land a block wide and a mile long. Woodlawn residents had no particular attachment to this strip, in which University buildings extended into a dreary amalgam of warehouses, tenements, and empty lots. But they suspected that annexation was the prelude to clearing a large part of Woodlawn itself for middle- and upper-income apartment and town houses. There was ample basis for these fears: the huge urban renewal projects which the University was sponsoring in the Hyde Park-Kenwood district to the north had in fact been designed in good measure to remove Negroes along with "crime" and "blight."* Unless they acted quickly to establish the principle that no plan should be adopted for Woodlawn without active participation by Woodlawn residents in the planning process itself, the Negro community might wake up one morning to find bulldozers in every front yard. According to Rossi and Dentler, "the characteristic mode of action of the University and of the South East Chicago Commission, was to develop plans quickly, announce proposals in general terms, and then obtain quick approval through political leverage downtown." Almost immediately and quite loudly, TWO therefore demanded that the city defer approval until university and city-planning officials had met with TWO and negotiated a long-term plan for Woodlawn. Otherwise, the organization warned, its members would lie down in front of the bulldozers and wrecking equipment. Some three-hundred TWO members crowded into a City Planning Commission hearing and succeeded in blocking the quick approval the University had expected.

The Negro tenants and homeowners were not the only ones who were alarmed by the University's announcement. Having seen many of the small businessmen in the Hyde Park-Kenwood area flattened by the urban renewal program, the Woodlawn merchants also became apprehensive; conversations with University and city officials only increased their apprehensions. According to a local restaurant owner, Julian Levi told a meeting of the Woodlawn Businessmen's Association that "we could either accept the plan and help it or sit back and watch it go through." Phillip Doyle, head of the Chicago Land Clearance Commission, was even less reassuring. "He said that the biggest investment he would advise us to make in our business was one coat of paint." The businessmen voted unanimously to join TWO.

It was not long before a full-scale battle was in progress, and as the velvet glove of the University began to wear thin against the serious opposition of TWO, its iron fist became quite visible. In February of 1961, for example, the University's Public Relations Director, together with Julian Levi and another PR man, called on several Chicago dailies to warn them against "the evil forces" of Alinsky, the Industrial Areas Foundation, the Catholic Church, and TWO. They brought with them a dossier on Alinsky and his foundation; the main item was a copy of the Industrial Area Foundation's income tax return —which the University happened to have in its possession—listing various Catholic groups as IAF's

* Rossi and Dentler provide convincing documentation of this fact. For example: in answer to the question of "why the University did not consider expansion to the east (which seemed more plausible than expansion elsewhere in Hyde Park), a respondent high in the University administration replied that the area to the east contained 'our people' . . . Whether one liked it or not, neighborhood conservation and renewal meant the preservation of Hyde Park-Kenwood as a primarily *white* middle-class residential neighborhood." (Italics theirs.)

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principal source of financial support for that year.*

The Chicago newspapers balked at running any articles based on the University's dossier, but eventually a piece was published in the student paper *The Maroon*, after being copyrighted under the name of the writer—a rare procedure which guaranteed the University immunity against a possible suit for libel. Under a banner headline reading "Church Supports 'Hate Group,'" the article led off by announcing that the IAF had "received over $56,000 last year from the Chicago Catholic Bishop and the National Conference of Catholic Charities . . . . [and also] received approximately $43,000 from the two Catholic groups in 1958." The article went on to quote Rev. Walter Kloetzli, a Lutheran minister, to the effect that the Catholic-IAF-TWO "conspiracy" was designed to keep Negroes locked up within Woodlawn in order to preserve the all-white parishes to the southwest and southeast. What was omitted from the article was any mention of the fact that Kloetzli's charges had been raised two years before at a meeting of some thirty Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Catholic representatives, and that Alinsky had answered the charges to the satisfaction of virtually everyone present. For this reason and others, Joseph Sittler, the distinguished Lutheran theologian and a faculty member of the University, charged that the publication of the article had been "irresponsible." Sittler also noted that on matters of integration in Chicago, the Catholic Church had been guided by "a wise and charitable policy."†

In any event, the truth is that The Woodlawn Organization, far from being a Papist conspiracy, represents one of the most meaningful examples of Protestant-Catholic amity and cooperation to be found anywhere in the United States—an amity that extends from the fellowship among local church members and leaders to the close collaboration between the Archdiocese, the Chicago Presbytery, and the Church Federation of Chicago. Indeed, TWO's involvement of church leaders of various denominations in direct social action to improve the Negro's lot may prove to be its most enduring contribution. In Kansas City, Mo., for example, Presbyterians, Catholics, Episcopalians, and Jews are collaborating in an attempt to develop a program resembling that of TWO, while Catholics, Presbyterians, and Lutherans are doing the same in Gary, Indiana.

The controversy over the South Campus plan has been revealing in another respect. Federal legislation now requires as a condition of aid local citizen participation in the formulation of renewal plans, but the Woodlawn experience indicates that "participation" means something very different to planners and social scientists from what it means to the citizens being planned for. To the former, the requirement of "citizen participation" is satisfied by giving the local residents a chance to air their views *after* the plans have been drawn, not before; planning, in this view, is a matter for experts, and "participation" is really thought of as acquiescence.

CERTAINLY THE Chicago planners showed no eagerness to engage the Woodlawn residents in any active role. In March 1962 the City Commission presented a comprehensive plan for Woodlawn which included a huge program of urban renewal clearance, conservation, and rehabilitation; a massive investigation of illiteracy, ill health, crime, and unemployment; and a pilot attack on these problems to be financed by government and foundation grants. When asked if the planning committee had been guided by opinions from the community, the committee's coordinating consultant replied that "There is nobody to speak for the community. A community does not exist in Woodlawn." Philip Hauser, a University of Chicago sociologist and another consultant, remarked that "the people there have only one common bond, opposition to the University of Chicago," and added gratuitously, "this is a community that reads nothing."

The two consultants were quickly disabused of these views. In conjunction with the Woodlawn Businessmen's Association, TWO employed its own firm of city planners to analyze the City Commission's plan and present alternate proposals. Besides issuing a detailed critique of the commission's urban renewal plan for Woodlawn, TWO affirmed the principle that "self-determination applies in the field of social welfare. Therefore the best programs are the ones that we develop, pay for and direct ourselves. . . . Our aim is to lessen burdens in practical ways, but in ways that also guarantee we will keep our personal and community independence. We go on record as unqualifiedly opposing all notions of 'social planning' by either government or private groups. We will not be planned for as though we were children." This radical assertion of independence did not please the planners. "Some of their resolutions against welfare are singularly unfortunate," Philip Hauser was moved to say. "What would they do without welfare?" Other of his colleagues regarded the resolutions as "revolutionary" and even "subversive"—much to the bemusement of

* The same income tax return was included in a dossier which the University sent to me in the fall of 1961, via a reporter, in the hope of dissuading me from writing about TWO in an article I was then preparing for *Fortune*. When I asked the reporter what the income tax return was supposed to demonstrate other than support of the IAF by the Catholic Church, he replied that Catholic support was in itself enough to discredit the IAF and TWO.

† The Chicago Archdiocese, in fact, has been one of the most outspoken advocates of integration in the city. Monsignor John Egan of the Cardinal's Committee on Conservation and Urban Renewal led the protest against the controversial Hyde Park-Kenwood urban renewal program, arguing that the plan would destroy a great deal of adequate housing occupied largely by Negroes, most of whom would be unable to afford the new apartments and houses that were to be erected.

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the Negroes of Woodlawn. "They've been calling us 'welfare chiselers' and 'dependent' and everything else," said one TWO member. "Now they distrust us for trying things for ourselves."

The University of Chicago sociologists and the professional planners may have resisted the message, but the Chicago politicians did not. Mayor Richard Daley brought the reluctant Chancellor of the University to his office to meet with TWO representatives. Eventually negotiators from both sides agreed on a compromise which called for construction of low-income housing on vacant land *before* any existing buildings were torn down. Thus, for the first time in the history of urban renewal, people displaced by demolition will have new homes waiting for them in the same neighborhood. Instead of the usual wholesale replacement of lower-class housing by "middle-income" units, Woodlawn will be renewed in stages. Only houses beyond salvage will be torn down, and units to be rehabilitated will be repaired without evicting tenants. City officials also agreed to give TWO majority representation on the citizens' planning committee that will draw up further plans and supervise their execution, and Mayor Daley asked Dr. Blakely, one of the founders of TWO, to serve as chairman of the committee.

Forcing the University of Chicago and the city planners to take account of the community and its own desires is not the only victory TWO has won. As a result of TWO drives, double shifts have been eliminated and overcrowding has been substantially reduced in Woodlawn's public schools; a number of Chicago firms have been persuaded to open up jobs for Negroes; and several local block organizations have been stimulated into cleaning up and maintaining their neighborhoods, as well as into pressuring landlords to repair buildings. TWO's attacks on "the silent six" Negro aldermen of the city, moreover, have driven them into a position of militancy, thereby changing the whole complexion of Chicago politics.

But what finally makes The Woodlawn Organization so significant is not so much what it is doing *for* its members as what it is doing *to* them. When the first group from the community—forty-six busloads—went to City Hall to register, Alinsky commented that the chief point "was their own reaction. Many were weeping; others were saying, 'They're paying attention to us.' 'They're recognizing that we're people.' " Eighteen months later, an active member observed, "City Hall used to be a forbidden place, but we've made so many trips there and seen so many people that it's beginning to feel like a neighborhood store." Other members say similar things: "We've lost our fear of standing up and expressing ourselves." "We don't have to go hat in hand, begging, anymore."

Besides giving its members a new sense of dignity and worth, The Woodlawn Organization has given a good many people a sense of direction and purpose and an inner discipline that have enabled them to overcome the disorganization of the Negro slum. As one TWO officer remarked, "the organization has given me a real sense of accomplishing something—the only time in my life I've had that feeling." Like so many of Woodlawn's Negroes, he had once wasted an enormous amount of time and energy because of personal inefficiency—a factor that originally made the work of Alinsky's organizers far more difficult than it had been in any white slum. Even such an apparently simple matter as rounding up half a dozen people to hand out leaflets involved a major effort: those selected would turn up at different times, the leaflets would be lost or misplaced, or the volunteers would grow bored and give up. From month to month, however, the members learned to take orders, to carry out a task and follow through on it; bit by bit they began to learn to give orders themselves, to organize a rent strike or a rally, to talk on their feet and debate an issue at a meeting and to handle opposition. And as the discipline of the organization continues to impose itself on their own lives, it slowly transforms the individuals within it as well as the community they inhabit.

IT WOULD BE fatuous to pretend that Woodlawn has become a model community; it remains a slum, and it is still largely sunk in poverty and crime. However, it is a slum with hope—one that is developing the means of raising itself "by its own bootstraps." "We've learned to live together and act as a community," a TWO activist says—and adds, "Two years ago I didn't know a soul." Most of the problems that make Woodlawn what it is—high unemployment, lack of education, family disorganization, poor health—cannot be solved by a community organization alone. Enormous resources must still be poured into Woodlawn in the form of compensatory education, job retraining, advice on child-rearing, and preventive medicine. But experience in every city in the nation has also demonstrated that any paternalistic program imposed from above will be resisted and resented as "welfare colonialism." The greatest contribution of an organization like TWO is its most subtle: it gives the slum residents the sense of dignity that makes it possible for them to accept help. For help now comes not as charity but as a response to their own initiative and power; *they* have decided what services they need and want. Hence social programs which the community, in the past, would have contemptuously ignored as one more instance of "Mr. Charlie's brainwashing" are now eagerly sought after. Recent negotiations between TWO and the University of Chicago produced a nursery school program designed to reverse the effects of "cultural deprivation," while cooperation between TWO and a team of psychiatrists has led to the setting up of some promising experiments in group therapy. And so, throughout this once completely depressed and deprived area, a new sense of energy and possibility is at work, and a new conception of social welfare has begun to take form in America.

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ALLEN WHEELIS

THE ILLUSIONLESS MAN & THE VISIONARY MAID

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man who had no illusions about anything. While still in the crib he had learned that his mother was not always kind; at two he had given up fairies; witches and hobgoblins disappeared from his world at three; at four he knew that rabbits at Easter lay no eggs; and at five on a cold night in December, with a bitter little smile, he said goodbye to Santa Claus. At six when he started school, illusions flew from his life like feathers in a windstorm: he discovered that his father was not always brave or even honest, that Presidents are little men, that the Queen of England goes to the bathroom like everybody else, and that his first-grade teacher, a pretty round-faced young woman with dimples, did not know everything, as he had thought, but thought only of men and did not know much of anything. At eight he could read, and the printed word was a sorcerer at exorcising illusions—only he knew there were no sorcerers. The abyss of hell disappeared into the even larger abyss into which a clear vision was sweeping his beliefs. Happiness was of course a myth; love a fleeting attachment, a dream of enduring selflessness glued onto the instinct of a rabbit. At twelve he dispatched into the night sky his last unheard prayer. As a young man he realized that the most generous act is self-serving, the most disinterested inquiry serves interest; that lies are told by printed words, even by words carved in stone; that art begins with a small "a" like everything else, and that he could not escape the ruin of value by orchestrating a cry of despair into a song of lasting beauty; for beauty passes and deathless art is quite mortal. Of all those people who lose illusions he lost more than anyone else, taboo and prescription alike; and as everything became permitted nothing was left worthwhile.

He became a carpenter, but could see a house begin to decay in the course of building—perfect pyramid of white sand spreading out irretrievably in the grass, bricks chipping, doors sticking, the first tone of gray appearing on white lumber, the first film of rust on bright nails, the first leaf falling in the shining gutter. He became then a termite inspector, spent his days crawling in darkness under old houses, lived in a basement room and never raised the blinds, ate canned beans and frozen television dinners, let his hair grow and his beard. On Sundays he walked in the park, threw bread to the ducks—dry French bread, stone-hard, would stamp on it with his heel, gather up the pieces, and walk along the pond, throwing it out to the avid ducks paddling after him, thinking glumly that they would be just as hungry again tomorrow. His name was Henry.

One day in the park he met a girl who believed in everything. In the forest she still glimpsed fairies, heard them whisper; bunnies hopped for her at Easter, laid brilliant eggs; at Christmas hoofbeats shook the roof. She was disillusioned at times and would flounder, gasp desperately, like a fish in sand, but not for long; would quickly, sometimes instantly, find something new, and actually never gave up any illusion, but would lay it aside when necessary, forget it, and whenever it was needed, back it would come. Her name was Lorabelle, and when she saw a bearded young man in the park, alone among couples, stamping on the hard bread, tossing it irritably to the quacking ducks, she exploded into illusions about him like a Roman candle over a desert.

"You are a great and good man," she said.

"I'm petty and self-absorbed," he said.

"You're terribly unhappy."

"I'm morose . . . probably like it that way."

"You have suffered a great deal," she said. "I see it in your face."

"I've been diligent only in self-pity," he said, "have turned away from everything difficult, and what you see are the scars of old acne shining through my beard; I could never give up chocolate and nuts."

"You're very wise," she said.

"No, but intelligent."

They talked about love, beauty, feeling, value, life, work, death—and always she came back to love. They argued about everything, differed on everything, agreed on nothing, and so she fell

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in love with him. "This partakes of the infinite," she said.

But he, being an illusionless man, was only fond of her. "It partaketh mainly," he said, "of body chemistry," and passed his hand over her roundest curve.

"We have a unique affinity," she said. "You're the only man in the world for me." "We fit quite nicely," he said. "You are one of no more than five or six girls in the county for me." "It's a miracle we met," she said. "I just happened to be feeding the ducks." "No, not chance; I couldn't feel this way about anybody else."

"If you'd come down the other side of the hill," he said, "you'd be feeling this way right now about somebody else. And if I had fed squirrels instead of ducks I'd be playing with somebody else's curves."

"You're my dearest darling squirrel," she said, "and most of all you're my silly fuzzy duck, and I don't know why I bother to love you—why are you such a fool? who dropped you on your head?—come to bed!" On such a note of logic, always, their arguments ended.

She wanted a wedding in church with a dress of white Alençon lace over cream satin, bridesmaids in pink, organ music, and lots of people to weep and be happy and throw rice. "You'll be so handsome in a morning coat," she said, brushing cobwebs off his shoulders, "oh and striped pants, too, and a gray silk cravat, and a white carnation. You'll be divine." "I'd look a proper fool," he said, "and I'm damned if I'll do it." "Oh please! It's only once." "Once a fool, voluntarily, is too often." "It's a sacrament." "It's a barbarism." "Symbols are important." "Then let's stand by the Washington Monument," he said, "and be honest about it."

"You make fun," she said, "but it's a holy ceremony, a solemn exchange of vows before man and God."

"God won't be there, honey; the women will be weeping for their own lost youth and innocence, the men wanting to have you in bed; and the priest standing slightly above us will be looking down your cleavage as his mouth goes dry; and the whole thing will be a primitive and preposterous attempt to invest copulation with dignity and permanence, to enforce responsibility for children by the authority of a myth no longer credible even to a child."

So . . . they were married in church: his hands were wet and his knees shook, he frowned and quaked; but looked divine, she said, in morning coat and striped pants; and she was serene and beautiful in Alençon lace; the organ pealed, weeping women watched with joy, vows were said, rice thrown, and then they were alone on the back seat of a taxi, her lips seeking his, murmuring, "I'm so happy, darling, so terribly happy. Now we'll be together always."

"In our community," he said, "and for our age and economic bracket, we have a 47.3 per cent chance of staying together for twenty years."

She found for them a white house on a hill in a field of red poppies and white daisies, with three tall maple trees. There they lived in sunlight and wind, and she began to fill their life with fragile feminine deceptions, worked tirelessly at them, and always there was something new. She concealed the monotony of eating by variety, never two meals the same, one morning French toast in the shape of their house, the next a boiled egg with smiling painted face and a tiny straw hat; cut flowers on the table, color and sweetness blooming from a Dutch vase, as if unrelated to manure; Italian posters on the wall as if they had traveled; starched white curtains at the windows, as if made of a brocade too rich and heavy to bend; morning glories covering the outhouse with royal purple. When he came home at night she would brush the cobwebs from his hair, make him bathe and shave and dress—to appear as if he had not worked in dirt. She made wonderful sauces, could cook anything to taste like something else, created a sense of purity by the whiteness of tablecloth, of delicacy by the thinness of crystal, would surround a steak with parsley as if it were not flesh but the bloom of a garden, supported her illusions with candlelight and fine wine, and smiled at him across the table with lips redder than real. In the bedroom candlelight again, and yet another nightgown to suggest a mysterious woman of unknown delights, and a heavy perfume, as if not sweat but sweetness came from her pores.

Being an illusionless man, he admitted that he liked these elegant mirages, found them pleasant, that it was good to sleep with her fine curves under his hand, her sweet smells in his nose, that he slept better now than when he lived alone. He became less gloomy, but not much.

One Sunday afternoon, walking hand in hand in sunshine through the poppies and daisies, he noticed her lips moving. "What are you saying?" he said. "Do you love me?" "I'm fond of you," he said; "love is an illusion." "Is there anybody else? I'm terribly jealous." "Jealousy is the illusion of complete possession." "Do other women attract you?" "Yes." "Some men are not like that." "Some men are liars," he said.

She became pregnant, bought baby clothes, tried out names, was always singing. "Please be happy," she said. "By 1980 the world population will . . ." "Oh be quiet!" she said.

She prepared a room for the baby, hung curtains, bought a crib, read books, became apprehensive. "Will he be all right? What do you think? Will he be a good baby? He doesn't have to be pretty, you know, that's not so important, but I'd like him to be intelligent. And will he have two eyes and the right number of fingers

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and toes? I want him to have everything he needs and nothing too much. What do you think?" "Some minor congenital aberrations are inevitable," he said; "the major malformations are less . . ." "Don't say such things," she said, "why do you scare me?"; "I was just . . ." "Oh . . . and will I know what to do?" she said, ". . . how to take care of him? What do you think? Will I be any good at it?"

One night he felt her lips moving in his hair. "Praying?" he said. "Yes." "What did you ask?" "That someday you will say you love me."

She felt weak, became sick; in bed she looked pale and scared. "Will the baby be all right?" she said. "Don't ever leave me. What are you thinking? Tell me." She began to bleed, was terrified, lay very still, but lost the baby anyway.

She was depressed then, her face motionless and dark. "I lost it because you don't love me," she said.

"There is no established correlation," he said, "between the alleged state of love, or lack of it, and the incidence of miscarriage."

"I'm not wanting statistics," she screamed.

"What then?"

"Nothing. Everything. It's not enough . . . just being 'fond.' I hate fondness. What's the matter with you? It wouldn't have happened . . . I want to be loved!"

"You're being hysterical," he said, "and you're not finishing your sentences."

Suddenly, all at once, she looked at him with a level detached gaze and did not like what she saw. "You were right," she said; "you *are* petty and self-absorbed. What's worse, you have a legal mind and there's no poetry in you. You don't give me anything, don't even love me, you're *dull*. You were stuck in a hole in the ground when I found you, and if I hadn't pulled you out you'd be there still. There's no life in you. I give you everything and it's not enough, doesn't make any difference. You can't wait to die, want to bury yourself now and me with you. Well I'm not ready yet and I'm not going to put up with it any longer, and now I'm through with you and I want a divorce."

"You've lost your illusions about me," he said, "but not the having of illusions . . ."

"While you," she said, "have lost your illusions about everything, and can't get over being sore about it."

". . . they'll focus now on someone else . . ."

"Oh I hope so!" she said; "I can hardly wait."

". . . you waste experience."

"And you waste *life!*"

HE WOULDN'T give her a divorce, but that didn't matter; for she couldn't bear the thought of his moving back to that basement, and anyway, she told herself, he had to have someone to look after him; so they lived together still and she cooked for him when she was home and mended his clothes and darned his socks, and when he asked why, she said, with sweet revenge, "Because I'm fond of you, that's all. Just fond."

She got a job with a theater, typed scripts and programs, worked nights in the box office, let her hair grow into a long silken curtain curled up at the bottom below her shoulders, wore loose chiffon blouses with clown sleeves, trailed filmy scarves from her neck, and fell in love with an actor named Cyrus Anthony de Maronodeck. Her *a*'s broadened and she affected a way of turning her head with so sudden a movement that it could not go unnoticed; no longer did she walk in or out of a room, she strode.

"Cyrus is so *interesting!*" she said, "makes everything an adventure, concentrates energy and passion into a moment until it glows!" She struck a pose: " 'When I die,' he says, 'I may be dead for a long time, but while I'm here I'll live it to the hilt.' " "A philosopher, too," Henry said.

One Sunday night Cyrus borrowed a thousand dollars from Lorabelle for his sick mother; and the following day it transpired that he had borrowed also the week-end receipts from the box office and had taken his leave of the company. For several days Lorabelle wouldn't believe it, waited for word from him, bit her fingernails—until he was apprehended in Laredo crossing the border with a blonde.

She worked next in a brokerage house operating an enormous and very intelligent machine which tapped and hummed and whirred and rotated, sent its carriage hopping up and down and side to side, performed seventeen mathematical calculations without ever a mistake, took pictures of everything and had illusions about nothing—but Lorabelle did, and presently fell in love with her boss, Mr. Alexander Orwell Mittelby, a sixty-year-old man who loved her with a great passion, she told Henry, but who was married and unfortunately could not get a divorce because his wife was a schizophrenic, had a private nurse in constant attendance; the shock of divorce, Mr. Mittelby had said, would kill her.

"Alex is unique," Lorabelle told Henry, "simply not like the rest of us . . . not at all. He has no interest in himself, has grown beyond that. I've never met a man so mature, so genuinely wise. 'All my personal goals lie in the past,' he told me; 'the only thing left is to seek the common good.' He has no patience with personal problems, complexes . . . that sort of thing . . . sees the romantic protest for what it is: adolescent complaining. Oh Henry, I wish you could know him. He faces life with so much courage—such a gallant careless courage. 'Despair is a luxury,' he says, 'and I can't afford it.' "

Lorabelle wore short tight skirts, high needle-like heels, jeweled glasses, and her hair bouffant; she read the *Wall Street Journal* and *Barron's Weekly*, studied the new tax legislation, spoke out for *laissez faire* in discussion groups, and at

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an Anti-World-Federalist dinner chanced to meet Mrs. Mittelby who was not schizophrenic at all but a plain shrewd woman with a wrinkled face, gray hair, and a very sharp tongue. Lorabelle stared at her with deepening shock. "My husband's secretaries," Mrs. Mittelby said, "always seem stunned by my sanity . . . then seek other employment."

In her depression Lorabelle turned away from people, rented a cabin on an island, left Henry to look after himself, came home only on weekends, spent her days walking on deserted beaches, her nights alone writing an autobiographical novel by lamplight. "It's really a kind of self-analysis," she said, "but I want so much to make it beautiful."

After a few months she fell in love with a fisherman. "His name is Jim," she said to Henry. "That's all, just Jim. And he's like his name, exactly: simple, strong, uncomplicated. I wish you could know each other."

"Bring him to dinner!" Henry shouted. "Let him live here! Give him my clothes, my bed!"

"Don't be angry. You'd like him; you couldn't help it. He's so kind, so gentle, so much a part of the elements: in his eyes the wind and the ocean —you can see them!—in his hand the strength, the toughness . . . the grip on the helm in a storm, in his bearing the straightness of the tall pointed firs, in his character the solid rock of the coast."

"If he had a foundation," Henry said, "he'd be a house with a swimming pool."

Lorabelle cut her hair short, wore boots and a sou'wester, scanned the sky for weather signs, studied navigation charts, hung a tide table on the wall. "I want a divorce," she said. "No." "Why? You don't love me." "To protect you from your own bad judgment. You'd be married six times before you were forty if you were free." "Then I'll run away with him," she said.

And she would have, but the sheriff got there first, arrested Jim for bigamy: plain Jim had three last names and a wife with each, and while he sat in jail the three of them squabbled for the fishing boat, which was all he owned.

Lorabelle gave up the cabin, burned her manuscript, and moved back home; wept and wailed and could not be consoled. "There's something wrong with *my* sanity," she said. "I can't do it myself. I'd better see a psychoanalyst." "You'll get a whopping transference," Henry said.

She went to a Dr. Milton Tugwell, took to analysis with great facility, worked quickly through her depression, went four times a week and wished it were more. "I'm so terribly lucky," she said to Henry. "There are so many analysts, you know—good, bad, indfferent—I had no way of knowing . . . and he turns out to be the *one* analyst for me. No one else would be right."

"It really is a kind of miracle, isn't it?" Henry said.

"No, really! I mean it. There's a special affinity between us, I felt it the very first session. We speak the same language; sometimes he knows what I'm thinking before I say it—sometimes even before I know I'm thinking it. It's amazing. And he has the most astonishing memory, remembers *everything*. And the way—Oh Henry! if you could only know him, hear him talk!—the way he fits these things together! things you'd never realize were connected. . . ."

Dr. Tugwell made many excellent interpretations: Lorabelle learned about her orality, anality, penis envy, oedipus complex, and, as a kind of bonus, had many insights also into Henry and shared them with him, surprised at his lack of responsiveness.

ONE NIGHT at the theater she saw Dr. Tugwell in the company of a tall gray-haired woman with a hard face. His wife, Lorabelle thought, and something clicked for her, an insight all on her own: *Dr. Tugwell was unhappy with this woman.* So this was the source of that sad note in his voice. He deserved better. She wanted to make him happy, as a woman; and she could, she knew she could. She looked narrowly at Mrs. Tugwell. Then it occurred to her (the analysis must be taking effect, she thought; this was her second insight in an hour) that Dr. Tugwell might have some special feeling of this sort for her, and the more she thought about it the more obvious it became.

When in her next hour she talked of these matters Dr. Tugwell said nothing except "What comes to mind about that?" and she was disappointed, but then realized that he could not speak, that he was the prisoner of a professional commitment which required him to stifle his feeling for her. She walked in the meadow on the hill in sunshine, and knew in her heart what must be hidden in his; and someday, she thought, when the analysis was over maybe he would get a divorce and Henry would give her a divorce, and she and Dr. Tugwell would meet on a different basis. She picked a daisy, pulled the petals, and it came out right. Softly she tried his name on her lips, "Milton, darling," and blushed, "sweetest Milt . . . honey," felt him walk beside her, his hand slip around her waist, heard his deep beloved voice begin, "Lorabelle, there is something I must tell you. . . ."

The analysis lasted longer than any of her affairs, perhaps because, paying for her sessions, she valued them more than meetings with lovers, or perhaps because her illusions did not encounter anything hard enough in Dr. Tugwell's silence to cause breakage; but after five years Henry came to the end of his resources and tolerance, said he would pay for no more sessions. This proved him cruel and unfeeling, Lorabelle thought, and reported it triumphantly to Dr. Tugwell who, strangely, regarded it as reasonable.

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Lorabelle wept through the last hour, tears making lakes in her ears, overflowing on the pillow, dripping from her chin as she stood up, shaking, to face him, her voice quavering as she thanked him for the changes in her, breaking as she said goodbye. Yet at that very moment she had the comfort of a secret vision: now that she was no longer his patient he was free to become her lover. But days passed and he didn't call, weeks and the vision was shaken, a month and she was desolate. She went back to see him; and this time, sitting in a chair before him, feeling oddly dislocated, really did *see* him. There along the wall was the green couch on which she had lain for so many hours, from which she had looked up at the blank ceiling, had raved, rambled, complained, and wept; and there—shrinking back slightly from the violence of her disappointment—was the man of her dreams who had listened, out of sight, behind the couch: dark suit of expensive cloth and cut, perfectly pressed, dark tie, silk shirt with white-on-white design, high cordovan sheen on calf-skin loafers, shell-rimmed glasses flashing a nervous glare. There was strain in his voice, she thought; he used jargon, was more detached than he need have been: a continuing transference problem, he said . . . not infrequent . . . might require further analysis . . . unresolved father attachment . . . he had committed her hours . . . could do nothing now . . . sorry . . . perhaps later . . . call him in three months.

For weeks Lorabelle stayed home in deep silent gloom, wouldn't eat, wouldn't dress; but bounced back finally, as she always did, got a job selling tickets at a carousel, and there met Adelbert Bassew, big game hunter—"What a man!" she exclaimed to Henry; "six feet six, all fire and brawn. Imagine!"—who asked her on a safari. And so it continued through the days and weeks of their lives, year after year: Catholic Church, Christian Science, yoga; Al, Bob, and Peter; Paris, Rome, and Nairobi; technocracy, mysticism, hypnotism; short hair, long hair, and wig; and whenever she would say, in that rapturous tone of hers, "I realize now . . ." Henry would know she had abandoned one illusion and was already firmly entrapped by the next. They became poor on her pursuits, lived in a basement; her illusions became sillier, shabbier, until finally she was sending in box-tops from cereal packages. Crow's feet appeared around her eyes, white hair among the gold; her skin became dry and papery. But as she got older something about her stayed young: the springing up of hope, the intoxicating energy, the creation of a new dream from the ruin of the old. From the despair of disillusion always she would find her way back: to a bell-like laughter with the rising note of an unfinished story, to a lilt of voice like the leap of water before rapids, to a wild dancing grace of legs and hips like a horse before a jump, to the happy eyes so easily wet with sympathy or love.

But these same years made Henry older than his actual age, more withdrawn, bitter, morose; his face haggard, lined; his hair gray. Every day he got up and went to work, but did nothing else—would not read a book or walk in the park or listen to music. In the evenings he would drink; but gin nourished no illusion, brought no pleasure, only numbness and finally sleep. Lorabelle felt anger and pity and contempt, all at the same time, and would rail at him. "Just look at yourself: drunk, dirty, head hanging like a sick cat . . . How can you stand yourself? What are you trying to do? make me feel guilty? . . . Well I don't. Playing the martyr? Is that it? What's the matter with you? Why don't you find someone else if you're so unhappy with me?"

Henry would shrug, thinking there are no happy marriages and it would be no different with anyone else; but sometimes, far at the back of his unhappy mind, he would come upon the truth: he stayed with her because, with all her witless pursuit of illusions, she nevertheless stirred him—like the wren, trapped under a house, that had flown in his face: he had caught it in his hand, felt the terrified struggle, the concentration of heat, the tremolo of heartbeat too faint and fast to count. Lorabelle brought him no comfort; but, holding her, he felt life, and would not give it up. And sometimes in the midst of her railings Lorabelle would know that she stayed with Henry—not simply, as she said, because he wouldn't give her a divorce—but because he was a rock and she leaned on him.

BUT EVEN rocks may crumble, and one Monday morning Henry did not move when the alarm went off; he lay still, eyes open, looking at the empty face of the clock, thinking numbly of millions of termites burrowing in wood who would suffer no further interference from him.

He stayed in bed most of the day, ate little, drank much, said nothing. The next day was the same, and the next, and so all week; and on Friday it occurred to Lorabelle that—Henry having apparently retired from business—she must earn the living. After her morning coffee, therefore, she sat down at her desk to compose the fourth line of a jingle about soap flakes; first prize would bring a thousand dollars. Next she invented a hatpin that could neither fall out of a hat nor prick a finger; drew a careful sketch of the device, and addressed it to the U. S. Patent Office; this might make a fortune, she thought. Then she collected all her green stamps: not many, she mused, but enough for a present for Henry. She prepared his lunch on a tray, found him lying in bed staring at the ceiling; he would say nothing and would not eat. She put on her best dress, arranged flowers by his bed, and kissed him on the nose. "I'll be back soon," she said.

It was a beautiful day, the sun shining, wind

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moving here and there among the trees like playful strokes of a great invisible brush. "I know he will be all right," she said to herself, and posted her jingle and her invention, saying a little prayer for each. She went then to a fortune-teller, an old West Indian woman, who told her that someone dear to her was ill and would die. Lorabelle was shocked and left immediately, bought three sweepstakes tickets in Henry's name to fight the prediction, said another prayer, went on to the supply house and got a pipe and slippers for her green stamps. For a dollar she bought jonquils—because they were pretty and would make him happy—then counted her money. With the two dollars that were left she bought a steak to tempt his appetite.

At home she found him in pyjamas sitting at the table drinking gin. "Oh sweetheart!" she said, "you break my heart . . . I won't have it, I just won't have it . . . you understand? Cheer up now. I've got presents for you." She put the pipe in his hand, brought tobacco, put the slippers on his bare feet—"There! You see? Aren't they nice? And so warm. A perfect fit! You like them?"—but he said nothing. She began to sing, trying not to cry, then broke off: "Oh, and I have something else . . . another wonderful surprise, you'll see. Now don't come in the kitchen," she added, unnecessarily. She broiled the steak, put it on a heated plate, garnished it with water cress, put jonquils on the tray, a chef's cap on her head, lighted candles, and brought it in singing the Triumphal March from *Aida,* placed it before him with a flourish and a sweeping low bow. He turned away. "Oh please, do eat it," she cried; "I got it just for you. It's delicious, you'll see! Try it . . . it would be so good for you."

"Where's the gin?" he said.

"Don't drink any more; you'll get sick. I'm so worried. Eat now. You'll feel better, I know you will, really . . . I just know it. Here, let me feed you."

She cut a bit of steak, waved it under his nose, held it to his mouth, touched his lips; he knocked it away, the fork clattering to the floor, the morsel skittering into a corner. She picked them up, took away the tray. In the kitchen she threw the fork at the calendar, kicked the garbage can, wept; then she composed herself and went back, humming, to the living room; Henry had not moved. Lorabelle put up a card table, took newspaper clippings from her purse, spread out maps of the city: she was working on a treasure hunt. Only three clues had been published, and already she had an idea where the treasure might be. The first prize was five thousand dollars; tomorrow she would take a shovel and go digging.

"Where's the gin?" Henry said.

"There isn't any more, sweetheart. And a good thing because you've had too much . . . you're drunk, you're ruining your health."

"Give me some money," he said tonelessly.

"We haven't any."

He got up, walked unsteadily to the table where she was sitting, opened her purse and took out her wallet. A few coins fell to the table, rolled on the floor; there were no bills. He turned her handbag upside down: an astrology chart tumbled out, then a Christian Science booklet, a handbill from the Watchtower Society, *Palmistry in Six Easy Lessons,* dozens of old sweepstakes tickets and the three new ones, *Love and the Mystic Union,* fortunes from Chinese cookies (one of which, saying "He loves you," she snatched away from him), a silver rosary, a daily discipline from the Rosicrucians, the announcement of a book titled *Secret Power from the Unconscious through Hypnosis*—but no money. He shook the bag furiously and threw it in a corner, surveyed the litter before him with unblinking bloodshot eyes, his face expressionless. "Stupid fool!" he said thickly. "Purse full of illusions . . . suitcase full of illusions . . . whole goddamned lousy life full of illusions . . ." He turned away, stumbled back to the table, put the empty gin bottle to his mouth, turned it over his head, broke it on the hearth.

"Oh my dear," Lorabelle cried, her eyes wet, "you keep waiting for the real thing, but this is all there is." He turned ponderously, facing her, eyes like marble; she came to him. "These are the days . . . and nights . . . of our years and they're passing—look at us! We're getting old—and what else is there?"

"Bitch!"

She faltered, raising her arm, but recovered and went on to touch the side of his head where the hair was gray. "Do please come back to life, I don't want you to die, I'd be so lonely. I'd forget all the bad times and remember all the wonderful things . . . where have they gone? . . . you feeding the ducks, stamping on the bread—so sweet you were!"

"Get out."

The gray stonelike face above her did not move, not even the eyes. A death mask, she thought; the fortune-teller was right. "Oh my dear! I feel so sad." She cried, lowered her head; with a convulsive movement she caught his hand, pressed it to her heart. "It hurts so," she said. "For years you've been cutting yourself off . . . more and more. I'm the only one still holding you, and now you're drifting away. Don't die, sweetheart, let me help you, hold on to me!"

He freed his hand and hit her in the face, sent her crashing into the wall, started after her, thinking, "Where's that broken bottle?" realized with a sense of numb strangeness that he wanted to kill her . . . paused. She stood looking at him, tears running down her face, then left the room. He turned back to the table, sat heavily, observed the hand that had hit her; the fingers felt numb. Before him on the table was the hatpin she had worked with that morning: long sharp pin, black

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plastic ball at one end, at the other an odd device of safety pins and scotch tape. "Illusion!" he said, grabbing it up in clenched fist and driving it deep into the table; the plastic ball broke, the base of the pin went through his hand, stuck out three inches on top. There was no blood. His hand hung there in mid-air, quivering slightly, like an insect pinned to a card. He moved his fingers: a white crab without a shell, he thought, impaled on a boy's stick. Blood appeared around the pin; the feeling of numbness crept up his arm; he wanted a drink, didn't want to die yet, wasn't ready. Numbness came now to the other arm. He began tugging at the pin, ten cold crab legs fumbling around a spike.

THE NEXT MORNING he shaved, got dressed, and ate breakfast; felt restless, wanted to do something but didn't know what. "Will you go for a walk with me?" he said. Lorabelle was tired, her eyes red, hadn't slept, but was never altogether without hope. "Yes," she said.

They walked by rivers, over bridges, through forests, sat in dry grass and watched a tiny squirrel at the tip of a branch in a fir tree; walked through meadows, by cliffs, over dunes, along the beach, saw two sea stars in a tide pool waving their arms at each other; walked on streets between high buildings, through crowds, watched a little girl feeding pigeons by a fountain. Lorabelle was silent and dejected, her hair scraggly, her shoulders stooped. Something was moving inside Henry, pressing him; he wanted to say something but didn't know what.

That evening as they sat together in their basement room, silent and unhappy, the phone rang. Henry, having known since childhood that a telephone ring means requests, burdens, and obligations, did not move; and for the first time Lorabelle—to whom the same sound meant love, opportunity, adventure—did not answer. Henry looked up, saw that she was exhausted: "Let it ring," he said. She nodded, but couldn't bear the sense of someone calling unheeded, began to hope as she walked, walked faster as she hoped, was soon running lest she be too late, and a few moments later was exclaiming in astonishment and joy: "What? . . . No! . . . Really? . . . Yes! yes! oh yes . . . he's right here . . . No, I have it . . . So much! That's wonderful! . . . Marvelous!" then flung herself in Henry's arms, weeping, laughing, "You've won the Irish Sweepstakes! $137,000! Can you imagine! My God . . .!"

Henry was pleased, but confused and vaguely disturbed; said it was hers not his, since she had bought the ticket. "No, no," she said, "I bought it in your name, and it's yours, and I'm so happy I could cry . . ." She wiped her tears. ". . . you need it, darling, more than I . . . because I've always known about miracles but you haven't known, but now maybe you will, a little, and I'm so glad it happened for you. Isn't it marvelous?"

"It won't be much after taxes."

"Oh but still a lot," she said, "a very great deal. Just think . . .! We'll go to Paris and live in the Ritz, and you'll have a dark blue suit and a gray silk tie and cufflinks of lapis and maybe a black stick with a little silver. You'll stand very straight and swing the stick lightly, back and forth, as we stroll on the *Boulevard St. Germain* and the *Rue St. Honoré,* and I'll be so proud." She sat on his lap, eyes glistening, hugged him, kissed the gray hair by his ear. "Then we'll get a Citroën and drive down the Loire, and come finally to beautiful sand and water. Oh, and Monte Carlo! We'll stand around the casino watching the Texas oilmen and the pretty girls and the diamond bracelets; we'll hold hands and look on at roulette and moisten our lips and be like poor cautious tourists, and nobody will know we're rich. Then you'll toss out a ten thousand dollar bill: 'Red,' you'll say. That's all, just that: 'Red,' in a quiet voice, and people will fall silent and stare, and the croupier's hand will tremble, and the wheel will spin and oh! . . . it won't matter whether it's red or black because it's just money either way, not love, and we'll go to Rome and rent a villa, and when . . ."

"We're broke," he said, "long before Rome. In Genoa we couldn't pay the hotel bill. Remember? Had to sell your jewels . . . and my walking stick."

"Oh no!" she said, "there you go, already sad. . . . Then we remembered the *other* bank account —how could you forget?—found we had plenty of money . . . We go on to Rome, rent a villa and in the evening sit on the terrace holding hands, flowers blooming all around us, and to the west on the crest of a hill seven cypress trees in a row, an orange sun sinking between the black trunks, the whole sky a brilliant golden drum; and you'll feel a throbbing of your heart and a kind of singing rapture, and you'll press my hand and say, 'I love you.' "

Henry was touched by her fantasy and felt some lightness of heart: it would be nice to have some money, he thought—how incredible!—and maybe they really would enjoy a trip. That night they slept in each other's arms and the next day the windfall was gone: it had been a mistake, the officials were terribly sorry, it was another man with the same name and almost the same telephone number, who owned a candy store and had five children, weighed three hundred pounds, and was pictured in the newspaper with his family, seven round beaming faces. Lorabelle was in despair, but Henry was tranquil, still felt that lightness of heart. He comforted Lorabelle and stroked her finally to sleep in the evening, her wet face on his shoulder. 'It was an illusion,' he thought, 'and for a while I believed it, and yet —curious thing—it has left some sweetness.' Throughout the night he marveled about this—could it be he had won something after all?—and the next day, crawling under the rotting mansion

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of a long-dead actor, he looked a termite in the eye and decided to build a house.

He bought land by the sea and built on a cliff by a great madrona tree which grew out horizontally from the rock, a shimmering cloud of red and green; built with massive A-frames, bolted together, stressed, braced, anchored in concrete to withstand five-hundred-mile winds, a house—in the best illusory style, he thought wryly—to last forever. But the cliff crumbled one night in a storm during a twenty-four foot tide; Lorabelle and Henry stood hand in hand in the rain and lightning, deafened by crashing surf and thunder, as the house fell slowly into the sea while the great madrona remained, anchored in nothing but dreams. They went then to live in an apartment, and Henry worked as a carpenter, built houses for other people, began planning another house of his own.

ONE EVENING after dinner Henry was sitting at the table, smoking a pipe, working on blueprints; across the room Lorabelle, at her desk, bent over a "Who Am I?" contest. ("We might win $3,500," she had said; "just think of it! Wouldn't that be marvelous? Oh the things we will do . . .!") She was humming now, a waltz from *Die Fledermaus*. Henry looked up, observed the happy face bent to the illusory task, the golden hair streaked with gray falling across her cheek, the wrinkles of laughter now indelible around her eyes, the putting of pencil to mouth like a child, puzzled . . . laid down his pipe. "I love you, Lorabelle," he said. She looked up, startled: "What . . . did you say?" "I love you," he said. She blushed, started to rise, the pencil falling from her hand: "But . . . but . . . you said it was an illusion." It is, he thought, because love claims the future and can't hold it; but claims also the present, and we have that. Not wanting to confuse her or start an argument, he said only, "I love you anyway." She ran to him, weeping with joy, "Oh Henry, I'm so happy, so terribly happy! This is all we lacked . . . all we'll ever need." He took her and the moment in his arms, kissed her, and said nothing.

He built a house on a plateau in a sheltered valley, protected from wind and water; blasted a gigantic hole in solid granite, floated the house on a bubble of pure mercury for earthquakes, built walls of reinforced concrete seven feet thick, doors and cabinets of stainless steel, pipes and lightning rods of copper, roof of inch-thick slate. "Oh, Henry, I'm so proud!" Lorabelle said. "I'd like to see what could happen to this house." "You'll see," he said darkly. It cost a fortune and they couldn't meet the payments; the bank took it over, sold it to a university as a seismographic station; Henry and Lorabelle moved to an attic in the city.

One afternoon Lorabelle came home in a rapturous mood. "Oh, Henry, I've met the most wonderful man! A graduate student of Far Eastern studies and . . . you know, sort of a mystic himself . . . such a spiritual quality . . . name is Semelrad Apfelbaum . . . gives seminars on Buddhism." "Sounds like the real thing all right," Henry said bitterly. After dinner Lorabelle put on a diaphanous dress of black chiffon with a flowing lavender scarf, a gold chain around her neck, a sapphire on her finger, perfume in her hair. "Where are you going?" Henry said. "To meet Semelrad," she said; "he's so wonderfully kind, and so generous . . . is going to tutor me privately till I catch up with the class." "You're not going anywhere," Henry said. "I'm not a child, Henry," Lorabelle said with dignity. "But you *are*—precisely," Henry said. Lorabelle reminded him that theirs was a relationship of equality, with the same rights, that she must live her own life, make her own decisions, her own mistakes if need be; and when this failed to convince him she tossed back her head, affected great hauteur, and marched out of the room. Henry caught her at the door, turned her over his knee, applied the flat of his hand to the bottom of his delight; and it was perhaps that same night—for she did not go out—that Lorabelle got pregnant, and this time didn't lose it: the baby was born on Christmas, blue eyes and golden hair, and they named her Noel.

Henry built a house of solid brick in a meadow of sage and thyme, and there Noel played with flowers and crickets and butterflies and field mice. Most of the time she was a joy to her parents, and some of the time—when she was sick or unkind—she was a sorrow. Lorabelle loved the brick house, painted walls, hung pictures, and polished floors; on hands and knees with a bonnet on her head she dug in the earth and planted flowers, looked up at Henry through a wisp of hair with a happy smile; "We'll never move again," she said. But one day the state sent them away and took over their house to build a freeway. The steel ball crashed through the brick walls, bulldozers sheared away the flower beds, the great shovels swung in, and the house was gone. Henry and Lorabelle and Noel moved back to the city, lived in a tiny flat under a water tank that dripped continuously on the roof and sounded like rain.

Henry and Lorabelle loved each other most of the time, tried to love each other all the time, to create a pure bond, but could not. It was marred by the viciousness, shocking to them, with which they hurt each other. Out of nothing they would create fights, would yell at each other, hate, withdraw finally in bitter silent armistice; then, after a few hours, or sometimes a few days, would come together again, with some final slashes and skirmishes, and try to work things out—to explain, protest, forgive, understand, forget, and above all to compromise. It was a terribly painful and always uncertain process; and even while it was

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under way Henry would think bleakly, "It won't last, will never last; we'll get through this one maybe, probably, then all will be well for a while—a few hours, days, weeks if we're lucky—then another fight over something—what?—not possible to know or predict, and certainly not to prevent . . . and then all this to go through again; and beyond that still another fight looming in the mist ahead, coming closer . . . and so on without end." But even while thinking these things he still would try to work through the current trouble because, as he would say, "There isn't anything else." And sometimes there occurred to him, uneasily, beyond all this gloomy reflection, an even more sinister thought: that their fights were not only unavoidable but also, perhaps, necessary; for their passages of greatest tenderness followed hard upon their times of greatest bitterness, as if love could be renewed only by gusts of destruction.

Nor could Henry ever build a house that would last forever, no more than anyone else; but he built one finally that lasted quite a while, a white house on a hill with lilac and laurel and three tall trees, a maple, a cedar, and a hemlock. It was an ordinary house of ordinary wood and the termites caused some trouble and always it needed painting or a new roof or a faucet dripped or something else needed fixing, and he grew old and gray and finally quite stooped doing these things, but that was all right, he knew, because there wasn't anything else.

Noel grew up in this house—a dreamy, soft-spoken girl, becoming more and more beautiful—wore her long hair in pigtails, practiced the piano, sang in a high true voice, played in the meadow, caught butterflies among the lilac. At nineteen she fell in love with Falbuck Wheeling who wore a tattered brown leather jacket and roared in on a heavy motorcycle dispelling peace and birds and butterflies, bringing noise and fumes and a misery Henry felt but could not define. Falbuck had a hard bitter face, said little, would sit at the kitchen table sullen and uncomfortable, and Henry could never get him into conversation because whatever the subject—literature, government, justice—Falbuck would sit staring at him, silent and disbelieving, until finally with a few labored and nasty words he would assert some rottenness behind the facade; then, as if exhausted by this excursion into communication, he would get up, taking Noel as if he owned her, and roar away. Noel spent her days with him, and soon her nights, wore jeans and an old army shirt with the tails hanging out, let her hair hang loose and tangled, smoked cigarettes in a long black holder. Henry and Lorabelle talked earnestly to this wild, changed girl, now hardly recognizable as their daughter, advised caution and delay, but to no avail: she married Falbuck and went to live with him in a tiny room over a motorcycle shop. Henry and Lorabelle were left alone in the house on the hill, in peace now, with butterflies and the sound of wind in the three trees, and wished she were back.

Every morning Henry took his tools and went to his work of building houses—saw the pyramid of white sand spreading out in the grass, the bricks chipping, the doors beginning to stick, the first tone of gray appearing on white lumber, the first leaf falling in the bright gutter—but kept on hammering and kept on sawing, joining boards and raising rafters; on weekends he swept the driveway and mowed the grass, in the evenings fixed the leaking faucets, tried to straighten out the disagreements with Lorabelle; and in all that he did he could see himself striving toward a condition of beauty or truth or goodness or love that did not exist, but whereas earlier in his life he had always said "It's an illusion" and turned away, now he said "There isn't anything else" and stayed with it; and though it cannot be said that they lived happily, exactly, and certainly not ever after, they did live. They lived—for a while—with ups and downs, good days and bad, and when it came time to die Lorabelle said, "Now we'll never be parted," and Henry smiled and kissed her and said to himself, "There isn't anything else," and they died.

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Senator Fulbright's New Foreign Policy

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

SENATOR WILLIAM FULBRIGHT of Arkansas is among the ablest and most responsible members of the Senate. His is one of an impressively large group of eminent Senators whose individual excellence has been overshadowed by the dismal spectacle which, due to antiquated procedures and its domination by an anti-democratic minority, the Senate as a collective deliberating body generally presents to the world. It was an ironic demonstration of this contrast between individual excellence and collective failure that Senator Fulbright delivered his important address of March 25 on American foreign policy, "Old Myths and New Realities," before a virtually empty chamber. *"Senatores boni viri, senatus autem mala bestia"* [the senators are good men, but the senate is an evil beast], the Romans used to say.

Having urged since the 50's that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee under the leadership of Senator Fulbright develop an American foreign policy of its own as a counterfoil to the official one, I ought to have responded to Senator Fulbright's speech with unqualified enthusiasm. Instead, my reaction is mixed. I welcome the fact that Senator Fulbright has spoken out at all in criticism of our foreign policy. I admire the high intellectual qualities of his speech, and I agree with much of what he had to say, especially on the nature of the Communist threat, Latin America, and the mythological character of much of American thinking on foreign policy. But I must disagree with his central assumption, and I regret that he did not apply his analysis to certain acute and fundamental issues, more important than, say, the issue of Panama on which he dwelt so extensively.

Senator Fulbright assumes that a "radical change" has occurred "in relations between and within the Communist and the free world," and that in consequence "the character of the cold war has, for the present, at least, been profoundly altered . . . . by the drawing back of the Soviet Union from extremely aggressive policies; by the implicit repudiation by both sides of a policy of 'total victory'; and by the establishment of an American strategic superiority which the Soviet Union appears to have tacitly accepted because it has been accompanied by assurances that it will be exercised by the United States with responsibility and restraint." Senator Fulbright's assessment of Cuba as a mere "nuisance" and not as "a grave threat to the United States" is predicated upon this assumption of a radical change in the foreign policies of the Soviet Union.

However, the correctness of that assumption has not, to say the least, been proved. It is of course true that no direct military confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union has taken place since the Cuban crisis of October 1962. But can it be said that this is due to the Soviet Union's drawing back "from extremely aggressive policies"? Might it not be that our unwillingness to face up to Soviet challenges has made a direct military confrontation unnecessary for the Soviet Union? Cuba and Cyprus are cases in point.

It cannot be too often repeated, since there is such a deep-seated unwillingness to face this simple and central fact, that the Soviet Union has achieved what it set out to achieve in the summer of 1962 and what we declared to be intolerable: the transformation of Cuba into a political and military base for the Communization of Latin America under Soviet auspices. Official talk about Russian "technicians" and "offensive" as distinct from other types of missiles has obscured this fact, but it has not affected its existence.

As for Cyprus, it has been delivered into the hands of Makarios as a result of his brilliant and ruthless diplomacy, the deft maneuvering of the Soviet Union, the unwitting support of the United Nations, and the short-sightedness of American foreign policy. This is not the place to analyze in detail the fascinating power game that has been played for the control of Cyprus and that has ended in victory for Makarios and the Soviet Union. For the purposes of the present argument, it is only necessary to point to the different aims and patterns of action with which the Soviet Union and the United States have been identified.

The Soviet Union has pursued two aims: to gain a foothold in the eastern Mediterranean and to weaken the relations between the NATO powers and Turkey, after Germany the most potent military force at the Western frontiers of the Soviet Union. The United States has had one aim: to

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prevent an open military conflict between Greece and Turkey. Both sides have, paradoxically enough, succeeded. Yet the United States has succeeded only in terms of the pacifist goal it set itself, not in terms of its true interests, which are to prevent the weakening of Western ties with Turkey and the transformation of Cyprus into a Mediterranean Cuba. We are here in the presence of a mode of action very similar to that which determined our Cuba policy in October 1962. In other words, we are here in the presence of a pattern which threatens to frustrate American foreign policies wherever it is applied.

In Cuba and Cyprus, both the United States and the Soviet Union were compelled to come to terms with the dilemma of being armed with nuclear weapons and having to avoid their use while protecting and promoting their respective interests with the threat of violence. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union can afford to go to the brink of nuclear war; both must pull back before they get there. It is the risky art of foreign policy in the nuclear age to stop neither too early nor too late. A nation that stops too late destroys itself. A nation that stops too early sacrifices its interests to an exaggerated fear of war, and its policies end up by seeking peace at almost any price.

Concerning Hungary and Suez in 1956, Cuba in 1962, and Cyprus in 1964, the Soviet Union has been willing to take greater risks than the United States and has consequently been more successful in protecting and promoting its interests. Why should the Soviet Union, then, not draw back from "extremely aggressive policies" when it is able to achieve its goals without them? Why, to cite still another example, should the Soviet Union keep up its pressure on the Western presence in Berlin when the Berlin wall has closed the gap in the Iron Curtain which the Western presence in Berlin had opened?

Since the days of Lenin, Soviet foreign policy has combined consistency in the pursuit of objectives with extreme flexibility in the choice of means, and while the pursuit of objectives has been determined by national interest and political philosophy, means have changed in response to changes in the international environment. Thus Lenin's policy of world revolution was transformed by Stalin into the policy of "socialism in one country," and Stalin's policy of limited expansion into territories adjacent to the Soviet Union was transformed by Khrushchev into worldwide economic and ideological competition and support for "wars of national liberation." The foreign policy of the Soviet Union has indeed changed in recent years and it is likely to change again, becoming more or less aggressive as the case may be. If one wishes, one can say that in consequence "the character of the cold war has, for the present, at least, been profoundly altered." But the cold war has not been called off, as Senator Fulbright himself points out, nor has its conduct by the Soviet Union become less dangerous to the West for having undergone yet another transformation.

In view of these arguments, little needs to be said about the other two points Senator Fulbright makes in the same connection: the implicit repudiation by both sides of a policy of "total victory," and Soviet acceptance of American strategic superiority. The United States repudiated the policy of "total victory" even when it had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, and when that monopoly was replaced by the nuclear stalemate, such a policy became utterly irrational for both sides. The very term "stalemate," accepted by both sides, negates the idea of victory. It is similarly a misnomer to speak of "American strategic superiority" with regard to nuclear weapons. What we have is superiority in quantity and variety of nuclear weapons. This gives us at best a tactical advantage, but it cannot affect the strategic balance of terror. Nothing in Soviet military doctrine and dispositions supports the statement that the Soviet Union has "accepted" this superiority in reliance upon our assurances to use it "with responsibility and restraint." Quite the contrary: the Soviet Union has tried to counteract that superiority with a small number of multimegaton weapons and an elaborate system of anti-air and anti-missile defenses. Least of all does the Soviet Union rely upon our "responsibility and restraint" in the use of nuclear weapons, a phrase which I take to be a reference to counterforce strategy. For the Soviet Union, both in its military doctrine and dispositions, has emphatically denied the possibility of limiting the use of nuclear weapons to military targets alone.

While thus the radical change in the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union which Senator Fulbright postulates turns out to be a myth rather than a reality, the inability of American foreign policy to anticipate new conditions, or at least to adapt itself to them when they have occurred, is indeed an established fact. Our alliance policies provide a prime example of that inability. We have been unable to rebuild the structure of an originally sound alliance like NATO when its foundations crumbled, and we have been equally unable to divest ourselves of the burden of an originally unsound alliance, such as that with Pakistan, when it became an obvious hindrance to the protection and promotion of our interests.

During the second half of the last decade, observers began warning of an impending crisis in NATO—a crisis that would be brought about by the economic and political recovery of Western Europe and, more particularly, by the ability of the Soviet Union to counter the American nuclear threat with a threat of its own. Yet when that

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crisis became acute in the aftermath of de Gaulle's press conference of January 14, 1963, the United States responded with shocked surprise and righteous indignation, but not with constructive proposals taking cognizance of the objective character of the crisis, which de Gaulle had brought into the open but had not created. And so it has remained to this day. The only positive contribution we have made to the restoration of the Atlantic Alliance has been the multilateral seaborne nuclear force, and the character of that device is itself an eloquent commentary upon our technical ingenuity and the sterility of our political thinking. For multilateral force is an attempt not so much to restore the Atlantic Alliance as to give our European allies the illusion of participating in nuclear decisions while at the same time isolating France. It is in truth a subterfuge which employs a costly, useless, and dangerous military device to bypass a political problem of vital importance to the Western world.

The alliance with Pakistan has from the outset been a useless and counterproductive instrument of American foreign policy; it could truly be called a diplomatic act against nature. For the military forces of Pakistan, built up with our massive support, have as their primary target not the Soviet Union or China, but India. Yet we have an obvious vital interest in the political and economic success of India, an interest far transcending any other we have in Asia. Our military support of Pakistan has forced India to divert a proportionate fraction of its scarce resources to military purposes and we, anxious to prevent India's collapse, have been compelled to replace at least a part of those diverted resources with foreign aid.

It was possible to dismiss this armament race with ourselves as a costly absurdity until China invaded India and, in the aftermath of that invasion, Pakistan reached a political and also, it is generally believed, a military understanding with China. Everything points to the likelihood that China will invade India again on a larger scale as soon as she has solved her logistical problems. It is also obvious that when this happens and India is fighting for her life Pakistan will bring the weapons supplied by us into the camp of her enemies while we will support India—by improvising a crash program after the invasion has started.

All this has been known for almost a decade, first by conjecture and then by empirical observation. Why is it that, aware of what the facts are and what action they require, we cling with desperate tenacity to policies which, if they ever served our purposes, have now lost their usefulness? So it has been with NATO, and so it has been with India and Pakistan. Our Latin American policies provide another example. During the election campaign of 1952, John Foster Dulles dedicated a whole speech to Latin America, chiding the Truman administration for neglecting the area and pointing to the dangers our traditional interests were facing there. This concern was then shared by at least some of the professionals in the Department of State. Yet it took nine years to translate the concern into action.

We are here in the presence of another pattern of our foreign policy: the inability to act decisively in anticipation of a crisis rather than in response to it. What accounts for this pattern, which Senator Fulbright calls "a malady of chronic and excessive caution"? The Senator mentions the fear of public opinion, and he says wisely that "An effective foreign policy is one which concerns itself more with innovation abroad than with conciliation at home." Yet the foreign-service officer must of necessity take his cue from the Secretary of State and the President. If the President subordinates foreign policy to domestic policies, and if the Secretary of State would rather administer established policies than create new ones, there remains nothing for the Department of State to do but to implement these defective policies. Thus the responsibility for a foreign policy which has become the slave of a leaderless public opinion lies with the President and, to a lesser extent, with the Secretary of State.

Another factor, however, deserves consideration: the size and organization of the Department of State. The Department of State is absurdly overstaffed, as are its rivals for the determination of American foreign policy, the Department of Defense and the Central Intelligence Agency. The elimination of half of State's employees could by itself not fail to improve the operations of the Department. Overstaffing means that, say, ten people —able, mediocre, and incompetent—spend twenty man-hours preparing a paper that one able or even mediocre man could prepare in two. As things are now, three members of this group of ten will prepare different versions of the paper which will be shuffled back and forth over ten different desks, to be revised, emended, and commented upon. These versions will then be discussed in meetings of the whole group until a paper is finally produced which more likely than not will be inferior to what could have emerged from the desk of one able or even mediocre official. The same process may be repeated a couple of times on different levels of the bureaucratic hierarchy both within the Department of State and between it and other agencies of the executive branch.

This inflated collective method of policy-making has three results, all detrimental to the new departures Senator Fulbright wants our foreign policy to take. First, it makes sustained thinking impossible. It may seem like belaboring the obvious to say that great political decisions require sustained and solitary thought. Field Marshall Montgomery, in a series of television broad-

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casts about his campaigns of the Second World War, stated as the first condition for the success of a commander the preservation of his ability to think, for which purpose he must keep his staff small and not allow visitors to his headquarters. Yet I dare say that in the conduct of our foreign policies nobody, from the President to the lowliest desk officer, meets that requirement. I have watched high officials of our government receiving visitors and paying visits, convening and going to committee meetings, placing and getting telephone calls, reading, dictating, and signing papers from morning to night, day after day, six or seven days a week. I am told that an official was allowed five minutes to brief the President on an important issue of foreign policy. If one were to suggest that the President, the Secretary of State, the undersecretaries and assistant secretaries ought to have time to reflect for hours on the great issues that require decision, Washington would probably consider him a practical joker. But since great decisions cannot be made without such thought, those decisions are not being made, and instead yesterday's seemingly safe routines, which require no thought, are being continued.

Secondly, the collective method of policy-making is hostile to new departures because it tends toward the establishing of consensus at the lowest common denominator. The official who has the insight and courage to propose a break with an outworn policy will find himself hemmed in by colleagues less endowed with these qualities, who prefer inconspicuous maintenance of the status quo to risky experiments. Since both intellectually and politically, maintaining the status quo is more convenient than innovation, the prospective innovator is likely to lose out to colleagues who are fearful of innovation.

Finally, the collective method diffuses responsibility. Since nobody is responsible for anything in particular, nobody can be blamed for failure or praised for success. I have often wondered, and sometimes aloud, what happens to a foreign-service officer whose judgments prove to be consistently wrong, and I have been told time and again that he is transferred to another bureau or another diplomatic post. The collectivity, as it were, absorbs him and makes his incompetence in a sense innocuous. But the same happens to the innovating deviationist whose judgment is prematurely right. The collectivity pulls the incompetent up, and pulls the innovator down, to its own level of unoffending mediocrity. After all, innovation is typically the achievement of one man who takes the risks and seeks the rewards, and not of a faceless collectivity.

Thus when one reflects with Senator Fulbright on the need for American foreign policy to adapt itself to new realities, one becomes aware, first of all, of how hard it is to distinguish between old myths and new realities. One man's new reality is likely to be another man's myth, old or new. But even agreement on that vital distinction is but the first and inconclusive step in the reformation of American foreign policy. For as the examples cited above show, intellectual awareness is by no means tantamount to action. Action will continue to turn in its established grooves if the Department of State remains an elephantine colossus, if the Secretary of State prefers to administer established policies to creating new ones, and if the President does not educate the people in the realities of a new age.

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Catacombs and Khazars

MILTON HIMMELFARB

Blessed Is the Man

Cyprus is in the news and His Beatitude Makarios III is in the news pictures, with his archiepiscopal vestments and beard, and yet the one thing that people do not seem to talk about when they talk about him is that he is an archbishop. It is not clear why that should be so. Perhaps it is because he is not only Archbishop but also Ethnarch of Cyprus, the leader of his people in their national character, as the chief ecclesiastics of the Greek, Armenian, and other national churches have long been in that formerly Ottoman part of the world. Possibly we now refrain from asking what an archbishop is doing in an uneven war against the Turkish Muslim minority for the same reason we once refrained from asking what he was doing in a war of ambush against the British: it hardly occurs to us that ethnarchs should be squeamish about means that may be useful for national liberation or domination. Who is to say that the knife or bullet in the back is worse than the dynamite between the rails? As for the Sermon on the Mount, that is a text. It is not expected actually to govern behavior, but only to prove that Christianity's words are better than other religions' deeds. A bishop of William the Conqueror's rode into battle with a mace instead of a sword, thus honoring the prohibition of bloodshed by priests; and Makarios does not even carry arms.

The prelate-ethnarch's doubleness or ambiguity of role is not confined to the Orthodox Levant. In Catholic Ireland, Quebec, and Poland, the Church has comforted and protected communities distressed in their nationality as much as it has administered the sacraments and taught the faithful. That is probably why the Church commands greater loyalty there than anywhere else.

We Jews look on with admiration and envy as advanced Protestant and Catholic thinkers here and in Western Europe denounce culture Christianity and call a defeat what the Christian generations before them called a great victory and the sign of God's favor—the Emperor Constantine's establishment of Christianity as the state religion of the Roman Empire. "Back to the Catacombs" is the new slogan. For the anti-Constantinians, Christianity was never so healthy as when it was poor and oppressed, and its success in the world was the beginning of a prolonged illness. They say that culture Christianity has to be infected with tribal idolatries, cannot prophetically condemn a sinful state or community, and loses its soul by trying to make the worship which in fact is offered to Moloch or Baal look like worship offered to the Lord. Therefore, they tell us, it is not enough merely to sever the last ties between church and state. For its own good, Christianity must go farther, and exile itself from the community's culture. A friend of mine heard a well-known Catholic priest disagree with the usual exhortations to put Christ back in Christmas. What he favored was to take Christ out of Christmas altogether.

So many Christian clergymen and seminary professors speaking and writing so impressively, and so few rabbis and professors in our seminaries! If our religious thinkers and spokesmen object at all to Judaism's involvement in culture, it is to involvement in Gentile culture. The comparison seems to be all in favor of the Christians.

Our admiration and envy may be a little excessive, because Makarios is a far more typical Christian leader than the late H. Richard Niebuhr. That is certainly true of the lands of hardship. American Christians do not know, nor do most West Europeans, what it is to be under siege in the decisive respect of religion *and* nationality (which is to say, religion and culture). They have not the harsh and still living traditions of Catholic Poles crushed between Protestant Prussians and Orthodox, now Communist, Russians; of Catholic Irish under the Protestant ascendancy, or of Orthodox Greeks hating the Sultan in his turban only a little less than the Pope in his tiara. But even in America and Western Europe the churchman is an ethnarch more often than he thinks, or we recognize.

IN SHORT, the anti-Constantinian thinkers in Christianity are neither numerous nor influential. When Charlemagne convinced the pagan Saxons of the truth of Christianity by having 4,500 of them beheaded in one day, he was acting in a Constantinian manner, and students in Catholic schools are still taught that he did well. Western Christians who speak against the involvement of religion in culture are a little like the rich man who tells us that to be poor is better than to be rich. He says it because he is rich, and the Catacombs thinkers say what they do because they are Western. Their Christianity is so deeply rooted

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in the culture and so well nourished by it that they can afford to make light of the culture. They can ask that Christ be taken out of Christmas because Christ is in Christmas—or half in, anyway. (Jews could tell them that.) If Christ were out of Christmas altogether, there would be no Christmas. No Christmas, and Christianity in the West would really be so close to the Catacombs again that the Catacombs would lose their charm. It is because the anti-Constantinians know there will always be a Christmas that they can afford to speak against it.

About the time when the State of Israel came into being, W. H. Auden was asked whether he thought the new state would be a good or a bad thing and whether Jewish nationalism was good or bad. His answer was something like this:—I am against states and nationalisms, but that may be because I am of British birth and American citizenship, and a poet writing in English. After all, England and America have been independent for a long time and have spread their language and literature all over the world. If I had been born to a people dominated politically and culturally by others, I should probably value political and cultural independence.—

However it may have been in antiquity, in modern times a Catacombs existence has in fact not been advantageous to the life of the spirit. Consider the Protestants who stayed in France between the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the French Revolution. By 1789, as Herbert Luethy has written, a century of persecution had deprived them of a learned ministry and of religious education, so they retained little more of the content of Protestantism than hatred of the Catholic Church. (Naturally, they were all for the Revolution.) To the powerful, powerlessness may seem an aid to grace, but the powerless know better. That is something else that we Jews could testify to.

Usually the anti-Constantinians also say that we are living in a post-Christian culture. From some points of view it *is* post-Christian, but not so much as they think it is, or as non-Christians and ex-Christians would like to believe it is. Anti-Constantinian Christian thought is popular with these because it feeds an illusion they need—that Christianity, or sometimes religion generally, is about to disappear as a massive fact. That is a hardy illusion, at least two hundred years old now.

THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES belong to the World Council of Churches, and in the United States to the National Council of Churches of Christ. While Protestant liberals blamed the Catholic Church for persecuting Buddhism in Vietnam, which may or may not have been true, they are not blaming their allies for overpowering the Cypriote Muslims. And while they raised their voices against the persecution of Protestants in Catholic Colombia, the Protestants were rather less clamorous about the persecution of (Protestant) Jehovah's Witnesses in Orthodox Greece.

Constantine and Charlemagne, therefore, are still the representative Christian figures. All that the anti-Constantinian talk has done is to give Christianity a spiritual gloss adapted to the modern sensibility, but without effect on the actual business of Christendom. Makarios remains archbishop.

He assumed the name when he became *Makariotatos* ("His Beatitude"), as a Roman Catholic cardinal assumes a regnal name upon elevation to the papacy. In fact, the Archbishop's literal style and name are Most Blessed Blessed, because *makariotatos* is the superlative of *makarios,* and *makarios* is how the Septuagint and the New Testament render Hebrew *ashre,* "blessed, happy, fortunate." Thus the first word of the first verse of the First Psalm is: "Blessed [Sept., *makarios*] is the man who walks not in the counsel of the wicked. . . ." In its plural form, the word recurs in the Beatitudes (*Makarismoi*) of the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed [*makarioi*] are the meek . . . the merciful . . . the peacemakers. . . ."

"And Many Peoples Shall Come . . ."

Not long ago, in the Israeli journal *Molad,* Professor E. E. Urbach of the Hebrew University wrote: "In our contact with the new nations of Asia and Africa, we do not appear as the people which gave the world the belief in one God, nor as the adherents of a religion [with a vision of] one world united by faith in one God, but as a people of efficient technicians and energetic businessmen. What do our many guests hear about our religion and Torah? . . . I am not urging a missionary effort, but we must find ways of bringing Jewish religion and Torah to the world." If I correctly understand Vittorio Lanternari, the Italian scholar whose *Religions of the Oppressed** was recently published here, Professor Urbach need not be so hesitant. There are many who would respond to a Jewish mission. For a hundred years or so, Judaizing sects have been arising spontaneously among peoples rebelling against the rule of oppressive strangers.

Judaizing is only one form of religious rebellion for them, other forms being Islamizing and Christian-pagan syncretism. What has been happening in Africa and Polynesia is more or less what has been happening with, say, the Black Muslims of the United States. On the one hand, the culture of the alien ruler is powerful and attractive; on the other, it is hated as the instrument and symbol of oppression. The solution is to take over many of the new values, but to organize them in such a way as to turn them against the oppressor and his culture. In the United States the Black Muslims, while rejecting the world of the white slave-

* Knopf, 343 pp., $6.95.

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holder and his religion, Christianity, are completely devoted to the so-called Protestant ethic (which, by the time the popular magazines started writing about it, possibly had become more historically than actually Protestant): sobriety, industry, frugality, responsibility, and the like. The Islam of the Black Muslims is Christian sectarianism. The Father Divine movement was in some ways much the same kind of thing, and we are told that that is how we must view the Judaism of some Negro congregations in New York.

And so in the white man's colonies. The education received in missionary schools makes the old-time, unproblematic pagan religion impossible. Theological enlightenment aside, the people who have been to those schools see in the old paganism a backwardness they can no longer accept. It is a religion for people who cultivate by scratching the earth with a stick, not for men who want tractors. But the new religion goes with the hateful foreign domination. So one combines parts of the old with parts of the new in a Christian-pagan syncretism, which is in itself rebellious; or, having been influenced by contact with this high religion, Christianity, one declares for a related high religion, Islam or Judaism. According to Professor Lanternari, the rapid spread of Muslim influence in Africa, which Christian missionaries have been lamenting for some years now, is perhaps more anti-white than it is authentically Muslim.

Judaizing is even more directly related than Islam to what the rebels have learned in the missionary school. Quite simply, to them what a Christian calls the Old Testament means more than the New Testament. One Christian explanation, of a transparently sour-grapes character, is that this is because they are too primitive for the spirituality of the New Testament. Especially for Protestants, that is a grotesque thing to say.

EARLIER THIS year *Encounter* published an article by Luethy reviewing the old debate over Max Weber on Protestantism and capitalism. Luethy calls the Protestant Reformation, approvingly, "the first occasion in the history of Western Christendom that the spirit and the speech of the Old Testament prophets was heard again," and he goes on to speak of the Protestants' self-identification with the people of Israel and their prophets, "who rose against unjust princes and false prophets and who believed that the children of God should be concerned not only with holiness but also with justice and sanctification *here on earth*." In the Roman Church, he says, "that tradition had lain completely buried for more than a millennium beneath the Roman imperial and gentile heritage." (The idea is old, but evidently not obsolete.) Lanternari, for his part, shows that the Jewish Bible speaks as directly to the colonial oppressed as it once spoke to the Protestant Reformers of Europe, and additionally that the history of the Jews—persecuted but triumphantly surviving their persecutors—is a history that Africans and Polynesians want for themselves.

Uncle Tom was nobler than his modern detractors believe, but he was also submissive, in the New Testament fashion. Hence the use of his name as a supreme insult in the Negro community. For their songs of freedom and redemption his people used the language of the Jewish Bible—Moses, Egypt, "Let my people go." That is why Judaism can be attractive, even in the absence of Jewish missionaries—as it was, for that matter, to the peasants of San Nicandro, in Italy.

The motives of the modern Judaizers should be no less acceptable to official Judaism than the motives of the Khazars, whose conversion to Judaism in the Middle Ages has traditionally been a proud consolation for us. Not all the Khazars were converted, only the royal house and the aristocracy; and whether these became Jews or whether they were Judaizers is still unclear. What is clear, or what the modern historians agree on, is that the Khazars probably chose Judaism out of need and expediency as much as for its own sake. Contact with the high religions of Christian Byzantium and the Muslim Caliphate had made the old paganism untenable, but they wanted to preserve independence and neutrality between Constantinople and Baghdad.

THE REMARKABLE thing about Lanternari's work is that we owe it to an Italian from Bari, when there are so many Jews in anthropology and so many Israelis in Africa. It must have been hard for the Jewish anthropologists and the Israelis to avoid becoming aware of what Lanternari is now telling us—especially the Israelis. The African nations are important for them. Nasser, in part to counter Israeli influence, has set up a Muslim missionary organization for sub-Saharan Africa as a branch of his (or the Arab League's) foreign operation. If only to counter Nasser, we might suppose that the Israelis would at least think about the Jewish religion in the new nations of Africa. But, as Urbach says, even when the Africans are in Israel the Israelis show them everything and talk to them about everything except Judaism.

That is not a failing of Israelis, it is a failing of modern Jews. Diffident about our religion and tradition among ourselves, we can scarcely be expected to commend them to others. And yet we must surely have some regard for our religion and tradition—enough, at any rate, to prefer them to Christianity. In the United States we could probably welcome a fair number of Negroes into our midst, if we wanted to. That would be good for them—so a Jew ought to assume—and especially good for us. By putting our rhetoric to the test, it would make us try to turn moralizing into morality. We would not succeed brilliantly, but at least we would be doing something serious. Evading the test while saying fine things, as we do now, is not serious.

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THE STRANGELY POLITE "DR. STRANGELOVE"

Midge Decter

THE MOST MEMORABLE comic elements in Stanley Kubrick's brilliant and impudent new movie, *Dr. Strangelove, Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb,* are an assortment of visual gags: two airplanes copulating in mid-air in accompaniment to the screen credits; an infantry battle raging in the focus of a KEEP OFF THE GRASS sign; two hydrogen bombs mottoed "Hi There" and "Dear John"; Peter Sellers in a vaudeville-style battle with a right arm uncontrollably intent on raising itself in a Nazi salute; Slim Pickens flying through the air waving his ten-gallon hat astraddle a bomb; and several others. These gags have undoubtedly done more than anything else in the film to earn Kubrick and his collaborators on the script, Terry Southern and Peter George, their current reputation in some quarters for being radical social healers and, in other quarters, for being tasteless sick-joke makers. For to watch images like these being imposed on a story about the onset of nuclear war —indeed, even to acquiesce in the idea that such a story is a possible occasion for them—is bound to bring with it a *frisson* of overwhelming impiety.

The plot of *Dr. Strangelove* by now probably needs only the barest summary. A psychotic Strategic Air Command general, Jack D. Ripper (Sterling Hayden), convinced that the Russians are poisoning all our "vital body fluids," orders his planes to attack the Soviet Union. The bombers cannot be recalled except by a prior signal of three code letters known only to Ripper, and there is less than two hours' time before they strike. Washington dispatches infantry troops to the SAC base to wrest the code from Ripper, but he declares the troops to be Russian and gets his men to fire on them. By the time the code is finally discovered and the planes called back, a Russian anti-aircraft missile has crippled one of them. The damaged aircraft does not receive the countermanding radio signal and continues on to the nearest target. Consultation over the hot line between the President and the Soviet Premier reveals that the Russians no longer have any control over the matter either, for they have recently put into operation a "doomsday machine" which is triggered to go off automatically the minute Soviet territory is attacked. And so, simulating a conventional suspense by moving back and forth from plane to SAC base to Washington, the film proceeds tautly to the montage of mushroom clouds with which it must inevitably end. Perhaps the greatest tribute to the brilliance and nerviness of Kubrick's impiety is that *Dr. Strangelove does* end with the mushroom clouds, that Kubrick, in other words, did not blink the logical necessity of his creation, and that he succeeded —partly with the aid of background music and partly by sheer cinematic sorcery—in making the sight of one nuclear explosion after another the funniest visual gag of all.

There is also a good deal of verbal joking in the movie—not all of it, however, quite so successful. Many of the jokes are in fact rather more banal than might be thought seemly in a production so insistent on its "advanced" taste in humor ("He is a man of the people, but he is also a man," says the Russian ambassador by way of suggesting that the President might reach the Soviet Premier at a certain unlisted number in Moscow). *Dr. Strangelove* may, as its admirers assert, be bringing fresh air into the murky regions of our social and political insanity, but it certainly does not do so by opening itself anarchically to the possibilities of madness as, say, the Marx Brothers did in *Duck Soup*. On the contrary, within its own confines the movie remains surprisingly careful and measured, with much of its comedy dependent on the simple and time-honored device of having the characters talk and act at cross-purposes. Everything is kept just slightly out of connection with everything else, and the final result is a sort of burlesque on the breakdown of communication, like one of those old Abbott and Costello dialogues. While the pilot of the bomber is promising his crew that they will all be promoted for their part in this historic occasion, President Merkin Muffley (Peter Sellers) and Premier Dmitri Kissoff are arguing over the hot line about which of them feels more truly sorry for what has happened, and a British officer (Peters Sellers again) is in a phone booth with the secret code trying desperately to reach Washington—without change for the phone. And at the center of all this confusion stands the boyish, gum-chewing patriot, Air Force General Buck Turgidson, who suffers from an almost constitutional incapacity to focus on whatever is the issue at hand, and who, as played by George C. Scott in a thoroughly subtle yet muscular performance, becomes the movie's main source of comment on the comedy of mismatched intentions that it conceives the international political situation to be.

A spoof *Dr. Strangelove* certainly is, but the spoofing is neither pure not perfect, for other

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impulses are also at work in the movie. No more than Peter Sellers's Dr. Strangelove could control his right arm, it seems, could Stanley Kubrick control his love and great gift for movie-making —even when that gift was helping to undercut the movie being made; possibly in a film that makes so much of men's powerlessness, the camera, too, will have its way with them. For example, breaking into a ridiculous picaresque battle at the SAC base, a nervous hand camera suddenly brings a vividly real infantry war onto the screen—which has the momentary effect of destroying the atmosphere of fantasy which is so essential to the comic force of this movie. Similarly, just as Sterling Hayden is making one of his most insane speeches, the camera stops to catch and play over his face (a face to which Kubrick's art has made love before), looking almost statuesquely beautiful and anything but villainously insane.

BUT APART from such considerations as these, the purity of *Dr. Strangelove* as an anarchic spoof is also compromised by the political partisanship it subtly expresses. Robert Brustein has praised Kubrick for achieving a rare freedom from the "stink" of ideology, right or left, but *Dr. Strangelove* is not nearly so liberated from politics as Mr. Brustein would have it. In fact, the movie throughout plays a curious game with its own political attitudes and with those of the audience, calling on responses to ideas it neither admits to having nor assumes any responsibility for.

About one-third of the action, for instance, takes place in an immense, airless chamber called the War Room. It is here that the President and his advisers confer about whether and how the war might be averted, and it is on the scenes in this room that everything else hangs. The War Room is bare and extravagantly modern, seemingly put together of onyx and plastic and walnut; it is the perfect visual setting for what takes place there—indeed, it is Kubrick's best realized cinematic invention, in a young career that has already produced many. What makes the War Room perfect, however, is not that it is a satiric caricature of nuclear-age government (though at times it is pushed into serving as one), but that it is a brilliantly conceived utopia, a nightmare utopia, the Nowhere of hypothetical speculation inhabited by the minds of the experts on nuclear war.

The War Room is supposed to be in Washington, but it could really be anywhere, underground or even under water. No one is ever seen entering or leaving (the one person who arrives there in the course of the movie, the Russian ambassador, simply materializes between camera angles). Only a lighted wall map and some telephones on a huge circular conference table bespeak any connection with what is going on outside: as the planes under Ripper's orders advance on, and subsequently retreat from, the Russian borders, some person or electronic device on the other side of that wall records their progress on the map; the phones establish a few extremely hard-come-by points of contact—with Moscow, with the SAC base, with Turgidson's impatient girl friend. Inside this non-connected, non-existent place, the deliberations carried on fall very naturally into the terms first presented to the world by Herman Kahn, who, as the author of *On Thermonuclear War* and *Thinking About the Unthinkable,* is perhaps the most thoroughgoing negative utopian of our time. The President and Turgidson and Dr. Strangelove, a sinister German nuclear physicist (also played by Peter Sellers, who is so terrifyingly plastic an actor that by himself and in his person he very nearly constitutes a statement on the obliteration of man), discuss precisely those questions that have been outraging the sensibilities of the American liberal intelligentsia for the past several years: questions like, Can the nation survive a nuclear war? What is an "acceptable" number of casualties? Would the survivors of a nuclear war envy the dead? The truth of the matter is that although *Dr. Strangelove* is an adaptation from Peter George's novel *Red Alert,* the movie could very easily have been written by Herman Kahn himself; he outlines just such plots in his books and even calls them "scenarios." To be sure, Kubrick and his collaborators set up all this discourse to poke fun at it, but then—for those who have known how to read him—so does Kahn, who never fails to imagine all the possibilities for chaos in the positions he offers. And where *Dr. Strangelove* is at its best, it most resembles Kahn in the way it rubs the hypothetical up against the real (as, for example, in the character of Buck Turgidson, the movie's most incisive parody of ordinary speech and thought).

Dr. Strangelove, then, bears witness to a curious politico-cultural reversal. Not very long ago (though it feels as though it was very long ago), we were told that every addition to public awareness of the unthinkable—the possibility that there might actually be a nuclear war some day—would serve the evil purpose of making nuclear war thinkable. Now we are invited, for the sake of the very social health that the nuclear strategists were supposed to be jeopardizing, not only to think about the unthinkable, but to laugh at it. One must be grateful for every new admittance to the realm of acceptable thought, particularly public thought. But all public reversals, it seems, come with strings attached, even when they are given such a genuinely inspiriting form as a "way-out" movie. *Dr. Strangelove* makes no overt political gestures in the end, but it does make a few covert ones. Indeed, for a work that so obviously regards itself, and that has been so readily taken, as a radical disruption of the going complacencies, *Dr. Strangelove* is strangely

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polite in its choice of enemies: Jack D. Ripper is not only crazy, he is right-wing crazy; Buck Turgidson is not only sappy, he is sappy on the side of established military power; and the mad scientist, Dr. Strangelove, is a Nazi. No liberals are ridiculed in this "anarchic" movie, unless one considers President Muffley a liberal, and even then he comes off relatively well. Nor was Kubrick quite daring enough to have risked portraying his nuclear strategist as a Jew—not a Nazi, but a refugee, in fact, from Hitler, as so many real-life nuclear strategists are. But to have made Dr. Strangelove a Jew—or on the other side, to have poked as much fun at the inadequacy of pacifist thought in the face of the nuclear danger as it does at the absurdity of strategic thought—would have involved the movie in a complexity—and an anarchism of spirit—quite beyond its basic intentions. And Kubrick would probably not in that case have been extolled for his courage by everyone from Robert Brustein in the *New York Review of Books* to the editorialists of *Life*. Everyone, after all, is against psychotic generals and Nazis.

Several people have remarked that watching *Dr. Strangelove* was as enjoyable to them as it appeared to be to everyone else, but that on leaving the theater they felt depressed in a way they could not quite understand. Perhaps they were depressed because they had been seduced into feeling they were running free and then found themselves being hurled smack up against an invisible but solid wall of conventional political piety.

MIDGE DECTER, *a frequent contributor, also writes for the* New York Review of Books, Harper's, *and other periodicals. She reviewed Norman Mailer's* The Presidential Papers *in our February 1964 issue.*

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THE NERVE OF GÜNTER GRASS

George Steiner

GÜNTER GRASS is an industry: 300,000 copies of *The Tin Drum* sold in Germany; more than 60,000 in France; the American edition passed 90,000 in hardcover, well over 100,000 in paperback. In England, the vignette of the little man with the daemonic drum has become a publisher's symbol. Now there is hardly a bookstore window in Europe from which the black dog of Grass's second major novel, *Hundejahre,** does not stick out his red, phallic tongue. But it is not Grass's enormous success that matters most, nor the fact that he has put German literature back on the market. It is the power of that bawling voice to drown the siren-song of smooth oblivion, to make the Germans—as no writer did before—face up to their monstrous past.

A grim fantasy lurks at the heart of *Hundejahre.* The fable turns on the love-hate and blood brotherhood of Nazi and Jew. Walter Matern, the S.A. man—Eduard Amsel, the Jew; brothers under skin and soul, twin shadows in a weird, ferocious parable of how Germany turned to night.

The neurotic conjecture of some secret, foredoomed relationship between Nazi and Jew, of a hidden fraternity or mutual fascination deeper than the outward show of loathing and destruction, crops up tenaciously. We find it in the suspicion, argued with varying degrees of historical finesse, that Nazism derived from Judaism its own dogma of a "chosen race" and of a millennial, messianic nationalism. It emerges in Hannah Arendt's macabre reading of Eichmann's "Zionism," and in the persistent belief or allegation that certain eminent Nazis—Heydrich, Rosenberg, Hitler himself—had traces of Jewish descent.

This intimation feeds on two deep-buried sources. Jewish masochism at times inclines to the notion that there was an occult rationale for the catastrophe, a savage yet somehow natural rebuke to the proud hopes fostered by Jewish assimilation into German culture. The German or the outsider, on the other hand, yields to the obscure imagining that German Jewry in some way brought the whirlwind on itself, that the temptations it offered to bestiality were too subtle, too intimate to be resisted. So utter a process of recognition and extermination must have involved some hidden complicity between torturer and victim. For all men kill the Jew they love.

Two boys play and dream by the sedge and mud-banks of the Vistula, in the flat marshes on the Polish frontier and around Danzig which Grass has made uniquely his own. Matern, the teeth-gnasher and miller's son; Amsel, the half-Jew (or is it more, who knows?). The schoolboy pack yelps at Amsel; he is a butterball with a jackdaw tongue, and their fists hammer at him. Matern becomes his strong shield. When he's about, no one clobbers Amsel or screams *kike*! Butterball gives Matern a penknife. But the river has a strange drag, and one day, finding no stone at hand, Matern throws in the knife. So what? It was only a dime-store penknife, and Edi Amsel is a smart kid. Give him a bundle of rags, a few wood-shavings and scraps of wire. Before you know it, there's a scarecrow (in German, *Vogelscheuche* has lewd undertones). These are no ordinary scarecrows. They look like people in the neighborhood, and the birds spin above them in affrighted swarms. Put a few gears in their straw gut, and they start moving.

Matern isn't so dumb either. He tries the Communists and finds the beer thin. Down at the club, all the boys are turning brown. And they're nice about it: "We'd rather have one repentant

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*Roughly, "The Dog Years." So far the novel has been published only in German.—ED.

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Red than a dozen farting bourgeois." Matern joins. What the hell. And there's that screwball Amsel begging for all the cast-off S.A. uniforms Matern can scrounge, for the greasy caps and brown shirts torn in the latest street brawl. He drapes them on his scarecrows, and the hollow men, the stuffed men, start strutting. Goose-strutting, eyes right, arms outflung. As if they were legion.

There's snow in Amsel's yard. One day something queer happens. A covey of S.A. boys, their faces masked, comes soft over the fence. The kike is pounded to bloody shreds. Then they roll him in the snow; Amsel the snowman with no teeth left in his mouth. Not one. Who were the hooligans? Jochen Sawatzki, Paul Hoppe, Willy Eggers . . . Names that stretch from Pomerania to the Rhineland and Bavaria. Alfons Bublitz, Otto Warnke . . . Keep counting. Eight names. But there were nine men. It's all so complicated and long ago. Like in a foul dream or attack of nausea. You can't expect a man to remember everything. The snow lay deep and there were thirty-two teeth in it. And eighteen fists pounding Amsel into a bloody pulp. Eight fine German names. There's one missing. Still.

So Matern decides to find out. War is over and the thousand-year Reich lies in a stinking heap. But amid the graffiti in the men's urinal at the Cologne railway station, Matern sees the name and address of friend Sawatzki. He finds other names. Roaming north and south through the moon landscape of rubble and defeat, he tracks them down one by one. He asks for truth and justice. Where were you when the mad carpet-eater led us into the great brown sea? Where were you when they rolled my friend Edi Amsel into a bloody snowball and cleaned their boots on his face?

Matern is not alone. He travels with a large German shepherd. Prinz is Hitler's dog. He has escaped from the Führer's last redoubt, in the Berlin death-bunker. Straying westward, he meets Matern coming out of a P.O.W. camp. Now they're inseparable. While Matern infects the wives and daughters of his old cronies with venereal disease—it's odd how little things get into the German bloodstream and make it all hot and wild—Prinz fattens. But he's now called Pluto. *Nice* dog; have a biscuit; be a Disney dog.

Matern becomes a radio idol. One day he consents to be interviewed by a chorus of eager, well-scrubbed young folk. But some lunatic firm has been selling them glasses. Put them on and you see mom and dad in a queer brown light. You see them doing all sorts of surprising things —smashing shopwindows, yelling like apes in heat, making old, frightened men wipe latrines with their beards. Is that you, dad? So the bright young things ask Matern: who are those nine masked thugs climbing over the garden fence? Herr Walter Matern, friend of the Jews, anti-Nazi first class, will broadcast their names to the repentant nation. Eight names.

Then he starts running. Eastward. To the other Germany beyond the silent wall. He leaves Pluto safely tied up at the Cologne station. The train is smooth and swift. The Germans are expert at making trains race across Europe. But there's a dog bounding along the track, quicker than a diesel. And just at the border, a shadow steps out of the shadows. An old friend. He has a penknife. And when Matern throws it into the Berlin canal, he doesn't even mind. Canals can be dredged. But certain things can never be lost, never thrown away. Knives, for instance.

The tale ends in a grotesque *Walpurgisnacht*, a descent into a potash mine which is also the forecourt of damnation. Now we know what we have known all along. That Walter Matern loved Eduard Amsel so well that he had to get his hands on the very heart of him, and see his thirty-two teeth in the snow. That when the right man whistles, German shepherds are the hounds of hell.

SUCH A summary is not only inadequate (there are half a dozen novels crowded into this one baggy monster), but it makes the book sound tighter, more persuasive than it is. Before reaching the *Materniade*—the mock-epic of Matern's vengeful wanderings—the reader has to slog through a morass of allegory and digression. The middle section, some three hundred pages, is cast in the form of letters (at moments a parody of Goethe's *Wahlverwandschaften*). Through them, we glimpse the chaotic destinies of Matern, of Amsel (who survives the Nazi period under a false name), and numerous minor characters.

There are various welds. Prinz-Pluto is descended from a long pedigree beginning with Perkum the wolfhound. The story of his forebears interweaves with that of the Materns. The two boys played with the dog Senta on the low banks of the river. The birch copse in which the children moiled and listened for owls seems to melt and darken into other groves (*Birken-Buchen*—put an extra syllable on a German tree and what do you have?). But although Grass plots and ravels with crazy gusto, the book tends to fall apart. What sticks in one's mind is the general statement of chaos and the brilliance of discrete episodes.

The early chapters of boyhood and river, with their meandering, heavy cadence, are an extraordinary feat. Grass wraps himself inside the visceral totality of children. He sees as they do, in slow wakings and abrupt flashes. Like *The Tin Drum, Hundejahre* conveys the impression that there is in Grass's power a deliberate streak of infantilism, a child's uninhibited, brutal directness of feeling.

The narrative of an S.A. gang-up in a beer hall is unforgettable. Grass brings to light the

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banal roots of Nazi bestiality. We see the steamy, cozy vulgarity of German lower-middle-class manners, the wet cigar ash, and the slap on the buttocks, twist, by a sudden jerk of hysteria, into the sweating fury of the killers. One comes to understand how the sheer grossness of German pleasures—the bursting sausages and the flowered chamber-pots, the beer-warmers and the fat men in tight leather shorts—was the ideal terrain for the sadistic-sentimental brew of Nazism. Again, one feels that Grass has allowed a certain freedom of vulgarity in himself, in his own talent. That is what gives his plunge into the mind and voice of Sawatzki and his boys its nauseating truth. Only in Rudolf Nassauer's neglected novel, *The Hooligan,* is there anything that cuts as deep.

Grass is merciless on postwar Germany, on the miracle of amnesia and cunning whereby the West Germans shuffled off the past and drove their *Volkswagens* into the new dawn. He reproduces, with murderous exactitude, the turns of phrase and gesture, the private silences and the public clichés, through which Adenauer Germany persuaded itself, its children, and much of the outside world, that all those frightful things hadn't really happened, that "figures are grossly exaggerated," or that no one in red-roofed Bad Pumpleheim really knew *anything* of what was going on in the woods three miles away. Quite a few fine houses and villas *did* come on the market in those years (Lieschen and I and little Wolfram are living in one right now, as a matter of fact). But you know how Jews are—always off to Sorrento or South America. The Führer? Now that you mention it, I never saw him. But I did see his dog once. *Nice* dog. Biscuit, please.

Grass singles out the moment of untruth. In the three years of desolation from 1945 to 1948, there was a real chance that the Germans might come to grips with what they had wrought. "Germany had never been as beautiful. Never as healthy. There had never been more expressive human faces in Germany than in the time of the thousand and thirty-two calories. But as the little Mulheim ferry accosted, Inge Sawatzki said: 'Now we'll soon be getting our new money.'"

With the currency reform of 1948, and the brilliant recovery of German economic strength (in the very combines and steel mills where slave labor had been ground to death only a little while earlier), the past was declared irrelevant. Prosperity is an irresistible detergent: it scours the old darkness and the old smells out of the house. Grass has captured the whole ambience: the evasions and the outright lies, the cynicism of the little men grown fat on the manure of the dead, and the nervous queries of the young. The shadow of Amsel (or is it the man himself?) is full of genuine admiration for the German genius. Look at all these good folk "cooking their little pea-soup over a blue gas-flame and thinking nothing of it." Why should they? What's wrong with gas-ovens?

On May 8, 1945, Prinz comes to the banks of the Elbe. Should he head east or west? After mature sniffing, Hitler's dog decides that the West is the right place for him. In that central fable, Adenauer Germany has its mocking epitaph.

Hundejahre confirms what was already apparent in *The Tin Drum* and *Cat and Mouse.* Grass is the strongest, most inventive writer to have emerged in Germany since 1945. He stomps like a boisterous giant through a literature often marked by slim volumes of whispered lyricism. The energy of his devices, the scale on which he works, are fantastic. He suggests an action painter wrestling, dancing across a huge canvas, then rolling himself in the paint in a final logic of design.

THE SPECIFIC source of energy lies in the language. *Hundejahre* will prove formidably difficult to translate (even the title has no just equivalent). In these seven-hundred pages, Grass plays on a verbal instrument of uncanny virtuosity. Long stretches of Baltic dialect alternate with parodies of Hitlerite jargon. Grass piles words into solemn gibberish or splinters them into unsuspected innuendo and obscenity. He has a compulsive taste for word-lists, for catalogues of rare or technical terms (it is here that he most resembles Rabelais). There are whole pages out of dictionaries of geology, agriculture, mechanical engineering, ballet. The language itself, with its powers of hysteria and secrecy, with its private parts and official countenance, becomes the main presence, the living core of this black fairy tale.

In 1958, I wrote an essay, much misquoted and denounced since, asking whether the German language had survived the Hitler era, whether words poisoned by Goebbels and used to regulate and justify Belsen, could ever again serve the needs of moral truth and poetic perception. *The Tin Drum* appeared in 1959, and there were many to proclaim that German literature had risen from the ashes, that the language was intact. I am not so sure.

Grass has understood that no German writer after the holocaust could take the language at face value. It had been the parlance of hell. So he began tearing and melting; he poured words, dialects, phrases, clichés, slogans, puns, quotations, into the crucible. They came out in a hot lava. Grass's prose has a torrential, viscous energy; it is full of rubble and acrid shards. It scars and bruises the landscape into bizarre, eloquent forms. Often the language itself is the subject of his abrasive fantasy.

Thus one of the most astounding sections in *Hundejahre* is a deadly pastiche of the metaphysical jargon of Heidegger. Grass knows how

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much damage the arrogant obscurities of German philosophic speech have done to the German mind, to its ability to think or speak clearly. It is as if Grass had taken the German dictionary by the throat and was trying to throttle the falsehood and cant out of the old words, trying to cleanse them with laughter and impropriety so as to make them new. Often, therefore, his uncontrolled prolixity, his leviathan sentences and word inventories, do not convey confidence in the medium; they speak of anger and disgust, of a mason hewing stone that is treacherous or veined with grit. In the end, moreover, his obsessed exuberance undermines the shape and reality of the work. Grass is nearly always too long; nearly always too loud. The raucous brutalities which he satirizes infect his own art.

THAT ART is, itself, curiously old-fashioned. The formal design of the book, its constant reliance on *montage,* on fade-outs ,and on simultaneities of public and private events, are closely modeled on *U.S.A.* The case of Grass is one of many to suggest that it is not Hemingway, but Dos Passos who has been the principal American literary influence of the 20th century. *Hundejahre* is also Joycean. One can hardly imagine the continuous interior monologue and the use of verbal association to keep the narrative moving, without the pattern of *Ulysses.* Finally, there is the near voice of Thomas Wolfe. Grass's novels have Wolfe's bulk and disordered vehemence. *Of Time and the River* prefigures, by its title and resort to the flow of lyric remembrance, the whole opening section of *Hundejahre.*

Where Grass knits on to the tradition of German fiction, it is not the modernism and originality of Broch and Musil that count, but the "Dos Passos-expressionism" of the late 1920's. Technically, *Hundejahre* and *The Tin Drum* take up where Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1929) left off.

This is, in part, because Grass is resolutely "non-literary," because he handles literary conventions with the unworried naïveté of an artisan. He came to language from painting and sculpture. He is indifferent to the fine-spun arguments and expectations of modern literary theory. His whole approach is essentially manual. But there is a second reason. Totalitarianism makes provincial. The Nazis cut the German sensibility off from nearly all that was alive and radical in modern art. Grass takes up where German literature fell silent in the 1930's (even as young Soviet poets are now "discovering" surrealism or Cocteau). His ponderous gait, the outmoded flavor of his audacities, are part of the price German literature has to pay for its years in isolation.

But no matter. In his two major novels Grass has had the nerve, the indispensable tactlessness to evoke the past. By force of his macabre, often obscene wit, he has rubbed the noses of his readers in the great filth, in the vomit of their time. Like no other writer, he has mocked and subverted the bland oblivion, the self-acquittal which underlie Germany's material resurgence. Much of what is active conscience in the Germany of Krupp and the Munich beer halls lies in this man's ribald keeping.

GEORGE STEINER *is a fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge and the author of* Tolstoy or Dostoevsky *and* The Death of Tragedy. *His new book, a collection of three long stories set against a common background of Europe in the period 1940-45, is scheduled for fall publication.*

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THE FIRST DEMOCRAT

JEFFERSON AND CIVIL LIBERTIES: THE DARKER SIDE. By LEONARD W. LEVY. *Belknap, Harvard. 225 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by ERIC L. MCKITRICK

A RECENT skirmish in the *New York Review,* featuring hard words and hard feelings, is good evidence that Mr. Levy's book has already begun to carry out its function, which is to force a review of Thomas Jefferson's credentials as chief apostle of civil liberty in the American liberal tradition. It also happens to provide the best context in which to review the book itself—the context of agitated debate.

Mr. Levy's Jefferson may have written the Declaration of Independence, but he then supported loyalty oaths and wrote a bill of attainder. He objected to the Sedition Act and wrote the Kentucky Resolutions, but he later recommended prosecuting certain editors for seditious libel against his own administration. He opposed standing armies and enacted an embargo to avoid international armed hostilities, then threw an army against his own people to enforce his own embargo. He had wanted a Bill of Rights in 1788, but he systematically disregarded the Fourth Amendment (the guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure) all during 1808. He established a university to promote free inquiry, then picked the professors for their adherence to right political principles (his principles), and wanted the students to read a version of Hume's *History* from which all the wrong principles had been edited out.

Mr. Levy has gone after Jefferson in the spirit of a prosecuting attorney, and in his attack there is, as Cecelia Kenyon puts it, a "peculiar ferocity." The picture of Jefferson here is partial, in both senses; whole dimensions of the total Jefferson have been left out. The side we do not see, according to Miss Kenyon, is the one "constantly concerned with the operative conditions and methods of a free society." With all this I would agree. She concludes: "This is scrapbook history, and it is not good enough either for Jefferson or for the study of liberty in America." To that, I would not agree. I think it is very good for both.

IT IS CLEAR enough that Levy, himself a student of liberty in America, has at some point got his fill of the Jeffersonian pieties, even though they have been fostered by some of the most reasonable and fair-minded scholars in the country. He is out to deflate an image. A very critical question, then, is whether historical method furnishes legitimate standards for one who wants to deflate images. I think it does. Indeed, there is no such thing as "the" historical method; there is a variety of methods, their appropriateness and utility depending on what the problem is—and it may sometimes be the questioning of pieties. For this, at least one acceptable line of strategy seems to be that of the prosecutor, and the standards for it need not be capricious. They are those that govern the case in court.

Levy, to be sure, is implacable. But he is not dealing with mirages; the facts are there. He heaps together a series of Jefferson's acts, and failures to act, most of which have been known to us all along. For example, as Miss Kenyon admits, "it would require a revisionist *tour de force* to upset the conventional view that Jefferson was out to get Burr, and that he was not over-scrupulous with respect to the judicial procedures to be used in doing so." True, Levy loses his temper; true, he is not "balanced," but partial. Yet that is the way prosecutors are. The rules require it. The historian when he chooses to play this role is at least freed from playing God, as so many do; he does not have to waft down judgments so benevolently broad that they apply to nothing in particular. What we have here, when Levy is through, is a Jefferson who looks different. By this juxtaposition we are shown things about him which, in the present glow of Jefferson scholarship and the Jeffersonian tradition, we could not have been made to perceive through any other means.

It is instructive to discover, for instance, the extent to which Jefferson's concern for civil liberties was private rather than pubic, how surprisingly limited it was to the verbal and the philosophical, to the general rather than the specific, and how few risks he was actually willing to take in defense of them in particular cases. There were a number of his own contemporaries—Adams, Washington, Gallatin—whose personal records in this respect were distinctly better than his. His willingness to strike at his enemies, if it could be done indirectly ("a few exemplary prosecutions"), traces a line in the image that is less than august. The way in which he actually suppressed liberty in New England during the embargo period requires the most elaborate excuses if it is to be excused at all.

Of course a prosecutor's concern with the larger context of things tends to be bound within certain limits. I think Miss Kenyon may be entitled to her objection on the matter of loyalty oaths during the Revolution. Civil liberties, to hold its full meaning as a legal and moral concept, must assume a community that is not at war; Jefferson can be indicted for lack of standards, but not on this ground. Mr. Levy, in his zeal to convict, may have weakened his

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case by trying to prove too much against the Jefferson of *this* period, though whether or not Jefferson's bill of attainder properly belongs to the "state of nature" into which the Revolution had thrown the State of Virginia still sticks as a difficulty. Even in his retirement, forty years later, Jefferson continued to defend it.

I do think, however, that the period of Jefferson's Presidency provides another context entirely, one in which his behavior may be either condemned or extenuated, but perhaps at least understood. Undoubtedly those times were dangerous too, what with spreading disaffection and the skulkings of the Essex Junto. Jefferson certainly had his occasional doubts about the future of the Republic, whether or not, as Levy claims, he should have had better judgment when he acted on them. But what sort of setting could render his judgment so good for nothing? What was the setting in which Thomas Jefferson could be a hypocrite? It was one of party politics not yet systematized, in which few rules or standards had as yet emerged, and in which a man could still persuade himself that his partisan opponents were enemies of the Republic. The ineptitude of both Jefferson and Madison as crisis leaders in the years prior to 1812 may be traceable in some degree to this very thing—to their being not leaders of a country at all, but leaders of a party, and unwilling to admit the difference.

Civil liberties, at any rate, simply did not bother Jefferson much in a context of this sort. Levy is quite right when he describes Jefferson's actions against New England—the patrols, the arrests, the confiscations, and so on—as blindly irresponsible. They were bound to be irresponsible because Jefferson had no really dependable criteria upon which to make discriminations, no way to take into account the legitimate grievances of those who opposed him politically. His sense of his own righteousness had apparently been ratified, at least after 1802, by heavy majorities, so that when opposition did appear he had no proper experience for dealing with it. In his mind the opposition was not legitimate at all, and he could therefore not regard their complaints as legitimate either.

THE HISTORICAL counter-example can be that of Abraham Lincoln, who of all our Chief Executives was faced with the clearest evidence of both open rebellion and secret disloyalty among partisan opponents in his midst. Lincoln, too, could move with ruthlessness when he found it necessary. But he asked himself each time just what *was* necessary, and what was not; the standards upon which he operated were devoid of self-righteousness and carefully graded to each constantly shifting circumstance. He thought of the United States as a political entity and his effort was to re-integrate, even while throwing men in jail, denying habeas corpus, and shedding the blood of thousands on the battlegrounds of northern Virginia. He was engaged not simply in smashing a rebellion but in recreating a society. For him the opposition—even in the South—never quite became in the fullest sense "the enemy," but remained somehow the opposition; he had been taught his rules and standards by a lifetime of party politics. Lincoln, even *in extremis,* was the product of a political culture very different from that which had produced Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson and Hamilton, who are supposed to represent such antitheses in our political tradition, were alike in at least one sense: neither knew how to behave toward an opposition, because neither could quite regard an opposition as anything but perverse and corrupt.

Not that this contrast with a later era explains the whole difference. Jefferson's own temperament may have something to tell us when we try to understand why he so often seemed to talk in one way and act in another, or when we try to harmonize the note of lofty benevolence with that of covert vindictiveness. There we move to a more difficult plane. One serious item in the Levy indictment is Jefferson's reluctance to stand up and be counted. Perhaps this need not in itself be regarded as damning. One can respect the man's innate delicacy. One can, indeed, accord a degree of respect to anyone who prefers to work in the background in order to preserve his own effectiveness. But this is not the type of individual who defends civil liberties.

And Thomas Jefferson *is* a type; he represents something, moreover, that we are not going to repudiate. It is no accident that he has been symbolically incorporated into the national character—a character which, like Jefferson's, includes many more strains than the one we see here. Perhaps it is true that the American liberal temperament, in all the largest and best senses, still finds its most genial expression in Thomas Jefferson. But that is not the lesson of this book. When it comes down to the question of civil liberties, we seem to find historically that those strains in us which we regard as "liberal" have never been quite sufficient.

The discipline of the law has its strongly conservative side, and it is relevant to note that the mind of Thomas Jefferson, for all its breadth, never submitted patiently to that form of discipline. His was not essentially a legal mind. The law, like all systems of thought (including modern sociology), tries to look below its grandest purposes—to construct itself in such a way that it can be used with safety for small tasks by small minds. The higher purposes which Jefferson saw himself as serving were more than once at odds with the narrow literalness of the law—for instance the law of treason, the law of impeachable offenses, the law of search and seizure.

The mind of John Adams, on the other hand, was certainly not a narrow one, but it was a very different one from that of Jefferson. It *was* disciplined by the law, and it was "conservative" in yet another sense. Adams mistrusted his fellow men, which kept his margin for illusion fairly slim. But with him it worked both ways; he also mistrusted himself. Without that kind of discipline, it seems to me, without that strain of temperament somewhere in operation among us, our civil liberties are never wholly safe.

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Jefferson's was a widely questioning mind, but there is little proof that it ever really questioned Thomas Jefferson. We know, indeed, that criticism from any source was to him inexpressibly painful. Nor did Jefferson ever perform an act comparable to John Adams's defense of the redcoats after the Boston Massacre, to John Quincy Adams's defense of the right of petition, or to Charles Evans Hughes's defense of the Socialists in the New York Assembly. Not that he "should" have; we cannot ask that Thomas Jefferson be someone else. But it is something to be shown that such acts do not invariably fit with the Jeffersonian, liberal side of our national traditions, or that a certain vulnerability to self-deception *does* fit there, or that liberty is not always at its safest amid right principles and noble sentiments. In questioning Jefferson, we question ourselves. That is why Levy's case is not to be brushed aside, and that is why we ought to thank him for the blunt words and blunt facts in his implacable, injudicious, indispensable book.

THE HIGHER CONFORMITY

JACOB EPSTEIN, SCULPTOR. By RICHARD BUCKLE. *World. 488 pp. $25.00.*

Reviewed by HILTON KRAMER

NOTHING SERVES a gifted, ambitious artist working within the received conventions of his time quite so well as a reputation for being scandalous and "advanced." The reputation brings in the intelligentsia, and the conventional quality of the work brings in the money. Since an artist under attack from the Philistines can usually count on a certain exemption from serious criticism, his patrons may satisfy their otherwise unremarkable taste while enjoying the added cachet of sponsoring, usually at reduced prices, something daring and "new." Thus, the aesthetic heroism of the vanguard artist, which everyone now recognizes as the central plot of modern art history, generates its own comic subplot in which the rhetoric of aesthetic heroism is employed to describe quite another order of accomplishment.

It is the English who, in lieu of an authentic *avant-garde* of their own, have made a specialty of these mock-heroic figures. For reasons which remain obscure—at least to me—the figures themselves have often been Americans. The most famous was Whistler, and the most recent is a young American expatriate painter by the name of R. B. Kitaj, whose London debut a year or so ago was hailed in the *New Statesman* as an event comparable to the publication of *The Waste Land*. Between Whistler and Kitaj, the principal beneficiary of this confusion of publicity with workaday artistic practice was the late Sir Jacob Epstein, of whom it can correctly be said, I think, that he was knighted precisely for having failed to be the kind of artist his admirers always assumed he was.

The scandal which launched Epstein's career as an English sculptor —the episode of the "Strand Statues"—was one of those mildly humorous curiosities of Edwardian culture that are almost wholly devoid of intrinsic artistic interest. In 1907 the British Medical Association commissioned Epstein, who had settled in London only two years earlier at the age of twenty-four, to execute eighteen stone carvings for the façade of its new building in the Strand. These larger-than-life-size figures, a benign and not very interesting pastiche of Epstein's gleanings in the sculpture collections of the Louvre and the British Museum, caused a sensation when they were unveiled the following year. The substance of the ensuing controversy may be seen in the newspaper article which solemnly warned that Epstein's carvings were "a form of statuary which no careful father would wish his daughter or no discriminating young man his fiancée, to see. . . ." It was the nudity of Epstein's figures that caused the commotion and created the myth of his artistic audacity.

This preposterous event virtually determined the conditions under which Epstein's entire subsequent development took place. It turned him overnight into a public figure, into an "issue" on which artists and writers, churchmen and newspaper editors and parliamentarians were obliged to take sides. But the experience had a baleful effect on Epstein's sense of himself as an artist, however useful it was in establishing his reputation. It seems to have deprived him of whatever powers he had—they seem, from the outset, to have been small—for introspection and disinterested aesthetic analysis. It narrowed the range of his interests, and further diminished his already feeble grasp of the new art he had briefly glimpsed in Paris a few years earlier. It set him on the course of a completely public career at a time when public response, whether stupidly hostile or lavishly approving (and Epstein had it both ways in different phases of his career), was utterly without reference to aesthetic merit, or even to aesthetic questions. Thereafter he was dependent, to an extent almost unparalleled among the artists of his time, on the accidents of patronage for those rare occasions in which his genius could really flower.

AND YET, despite this fundamental dislocation of his energies, it is not out of order to speak of Epstein's genius. That it survived so many wearisome and inglorious encounters with the Philistines—for the Strand affair was only the first of Epstein's many fruitless controversies—is something of a miracle. But its survival is also a measure of his true gifts, which were not at all for those monumental projects he repeatedly essayed throughout a long career. Epstein's forte, on the contrary, was a mode of psychological portraiture which permitted him an emotional and expressive amplitude utterly removed from the archaic allusions and constrictions of feeling that are so deadening in his monumental works. Confronted with a particular personality that really excited him, Epstein showed a great talent for dramatic characterization and for a virtuosity in the modeling of clay that this mode of sculptural representation requires to an extraordinary degree. The only real artistic purpose that Epstein's notoriety served was in placing him in the position to do the portraits of so many famous people. Epstein was the kind of artist who needed

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exceptional subjects. He lacked those powers of conception and invention which allow certain artists to make something memorable, and all their own, out of whatever material or experience comes to hand. This is only another way of saying, perhaps, that he was fundamentally not a modernist at all. In taking hold of one of the least radical aspects of the art of Rodin—his portrait style—and endowing it with a quasi-Expressionist inflection of his own, Epstein produced his most enduring work. At his best—the portrait of Joseph Conrad is, in my opinion, the outstanding example—he did indeed raise this portrait genre to the level of genius.

ARTISTS like Epstein, the bulk of whose *oeuvre* explores so few aesthetic questions and is so unvarying in the solutions it seeks, pose enormous difficulties for the author of the kind of lengthy monograph which Mr. Buckle has here undertaken. The temptation is always to dwell on scandal and anecdote, on potted cultural history and extravagant claims, in order to escape the endless repetitions to which an art at once so copious in examples and so small in intellectual compass lends itself. Mr. Buckle has not, to say the least, resisted this temptation. His monograph suffers from the further handicap of having been undertaken at the request of the artist's widow, and thus occupies a place beside those pious and petrified writings—in the historiography of modern art, they constitute a virtual genre in themselves—whose principal function is to convey the impression that their subjects, and they alone, comprise the center of the art-historical stage. It is understandable, and perhaps even commendable, for Lady Epstein to entertain this view of her late husband's achievement. For Mr. Buckle to write an entire book on this assumption is simply absurd. With a nonchalance that would be breathtaking if it were not so patently farcical, he refers to Epstein—and without feeling any need to argue the point—as "the greatest sculptor of modern times." The rather conventional illustrations of Jewish life on the Lower East Side which Epstein contributed to Hutchins Hapgood's *The Spirit of the Ghetto,* and the money for which allowed him to quit America in 1902—these prefigure, for Mr. Buckle, the "violence and pathos which we associate with the German Expressionists of the next two decades . . . " From a writer so egregiously insensible to artistic discriminations one might at least expect some useful scholarly apparatus, but Mr. Buckle provides none whatever. There is no bibliography, and what he grandly entitles a *"catalogue raisonné"* of Epstein's *oeuvre* is nothing but an undocumented list of titles. The 665 plates constitute the only really useful feature of this expensive book, and even they are not of the highest quality.

IN THE HISTORY of modern sculpture Epstein occupies a marginal, but not an uninteresting, position. On several occasions—when he got involved with Ezra Pound, T. E. Hulme, and Vorticism, and then again when he met Brancusi—he produced work which signaled an alliance with the modern movement that he very shortly abandoned. These brief forays into modernist form provide a clue not only to the limits of his art but to the qualities of his best work. If one compares his portrait heads to Rodin's, for instance, one can see the extent to which a kind of passionate sculptural caricature has been made to do the work of what, in Rodin, is a feat of sculptural construction. This element of caricature is powerful in Epstein, but it placed the artist at a sculptural disadvantage wherever he had to deal with more than a face, and it is for this reason that Epstein's heads are invariably more successful than his figures. This purely sculptural limitation is also, I think, indicative of a larger failing. In choosing to become an English rather than a French artist—and it was, for him, a very conscious choice—he opted for the kind of career that would not oblige him to be judged, or to judge himself, by the highest achievements of his time. A serious study of Epstein's accomplishment, far from skimping this crucial point, would have to take it as its major premise.

NIXON AND THE FAT LADY

MARK THE GLOVE BOY. By M/ HARRIS. *Macmillan. 147 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by JULES FEIFFER

Mine would be the "lead" ar cle in the California Issue. . . Perhaps it would affect the o come of the election. Somethi was demanding responsibili now in a way not demand before, as when one becomes father and seizes a power never held. It was important be just. . . .

"I don't care *who,*" I sai "The point is that you're telli me how to run my classroom, i out of your jurisdiction, y haven't the facts, it's like yo telling me the other night th we need a bigger auditorium. . .

"My goodness," said M Nixon, "you're not compari Communism to auditoriums, a you?"

—Mark Har
Mark The Glove B

MARK HARRIS, under the ausp of *Life* magazine, has entered field of personal journalism, a fc whose recent incarnation we to Norman Mailer and James B win. It is a tricky business—technique is one of double ex sure. The author is less interes in exposing his subject than in posing himself *in relation* to subject—he follows the subj around seeking not objective tr but personal truth: an oblique sault on the methodology of ort dox journalism. About time t Journalism, as the game is tra tionally played, is no longer c vincing. TV journalism has quee it, giving the public a new against which to measure the sa old stories. A reader who o lived comfortably in a New Y *Times* world in the morning an *Post* or *"Telly"* world in the af noon now lives in a Rashom world where subtly conflict truths cancel each other out. N just intellectuals, but nobody lieves what he reads anymore. T vision has spread cynicism to masses.

The overly informed emptin of straight journalism has left void into which increasing numb

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of novelists and critics subjectively lunge. Their search, I imagine, is for a version of reality at the source. The locale of the search often enough is politics and pugilism: two above-ground arbiters of our power and our violence.

A requisite of the successful personal journalist is that he abandon the pretense of objectivity when he enters the field. Otherwise there is no reason for his entry; Gladwin Hill can always get the facts. The personal journalist damns the facts: his interest is in some kind of truth. Truth is an improvisation between invention and research—a natural field for the novelist because he is trained to know what *sounds* and *feels* right. His fiction is designed to get at something deeper than anyone else's fact. In personal journalism he has the opportunity of not only being on the scene but finding its heart.

The problem with *Mark the Glove Boy* is that Harris begins his investigation of Richard Nixon by refusing to trust his biases. In the summer of 1962 he was asked by *Life* to report on the Nixon-Brown race for governor of California. Convinced that *Life* would soon come to its senses ("No, not Harris for that; put him on something that matters less"), Harris, at the outset, undergoes an experience that was, he tells us, to color his thoughts during the entire ninety days of the campaign: his car breaks down. Refused help in the night by the indifference (or fear) of a nearby homeowner as well as by rival motorists, he is eventually rescued by a stranger:

> He had started not only my car but my whole life going again, and I was to think of him in the weeks ahead, seeing faces like his in the crowds who came to hear the candidates. . . . I thought of myself as committed now in an unexpected personal way to return favor for favor, impulse for impulse: if I had been helpless on the shoulder of the road, he was helpless to defend himself against words. I would try to clarify for him, as surely as he had towed me with his chain. . . .
>
> I was determined that nothing be put over on me. I was the personal representative of The Chain Rescuer, The Two Old People in the Dark, Mrs. Queenlee, and my family.

Not to mention the Fat Lady; all marching bravely through life never knowing that for some writers they are the specious reason: *why*.

BEGINNING WITH one literary pretense, Harris must shore up his error with an accumulation of other pretenses: the dream of a New Nixon (again, yet!) whom he will report *objectively, impartially, favorably;* the pretense of Mark the Glove Boy (no baseball reference here: Harris's first job was delivering gloves. I guess in those days they had to have called him a "glove boy"); the pretense of Port Chester, New York being Winesburg, Ohio and Mark the Glove Boy being George Willard who, years later, fearing obscurity and ignominy from his hometown, is astonished to hear his old editor say: "Oh, my boy, how could I forget you? You left your mark in Port Chester"; the pretense of informative detail—

> . . . pads of California Legal paper, with blue lines and a margin of doubled red lines down the left; a supply of ballpoint pens; much of both. . . . In anticipation, I numbered the pages of my California Legal in each upper-left-hand corner. . . . ;

the pretense that the battle could be on his terms, not Richard Nixon's—

> It was going to make a great deal of difference—to me, if not to him—how he reacted to my face, to me, to who I was, or what he thought I might be. I intended to begin by identifying myself as "of *Life*" (my reason for being here), and then, after a pause, as "a teacher up at San Francisco State College" (my qualification of my reason for being here, my further self announced), to see what his face would do with the second thought after whatever it did with the first. . . ;

the pretense that the success or failure of his article, its very *truth,* depended on the inclusion of a sentence of Pat Nixon's which *Life* wanted to cut: "Wasn't that exciting!" says Mrs. Nixon after a rally.

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"It was just like a revival meeting." (Here, as elsewhere, Harris confuses the passion a writer puts into a piece with the minimal attention a reader gives to it.) And, most disquieting of all, the pretense that his journalism for *Life,* like his journalism for Port Chester, left its unheralded but not unimportant mark:

> I tried, by putting off hatred and going to my discipline, to produce an article above prejudice and therefore believable because it wasn't wild, like prejudice; it wasn't dirty; it didn't depend upon loaded adjectives; it had shed hatred, using not hatred but the power beneath. It must have been convincing, for it touched editors and must have touched beyond, and must have been responsible along with a good many other things, not the least of which were the record and the person of the Governor, for the turning of the tide.

So, looking for truth, Harris ends up running for office.

Whatever value *Mark the Glove Boy* might have had was lost when its hero opted for the pretense of objectivity. Not trained for it in the first place, it was a self-imposed barrier he had to surmount in order to resume the prejudices (slightly altered) that he had against Nixon before he began. The personal journalist does better when he begins with prejudices intact, testing their viability as he goes along.

By neutralizing himself, Harris succeeds in neutralizing his subject matter. There is nothing new here to learn about Richard Nixon; nor, despite his excursions into autobiographical trivia, is there anything to learn about Mark the Glove Boy. Both, in Harris's telling, remain shadows. When Harris quits the Nixon campaign midway, that is the last we hear of it—other than that Nixon loses (to Brown and Harris). The rest of the story is taken up with the writing of the article, the disappointment of Harris's wife, the rewriting of the article, the disappointment of Harris's friends, the editing of the article, the publication of the article, how many copies Harris buys and what *Life* does to one of Harris's exclamation points (corrupts it into a question mark).

Still there is Harris to suggest he had an influence on the outcome. He caught Mr. Nixon out and there went the game. The why or what of the game is never revealed. The reader begins by knowing more about Nixon than Harris knew before the campaign, and ends by knowing more about Nixon than Harris knows now.

By paralleling the frustration of him by Port Chester with the disarming of him by Richard Nixon —and then resolving both defeats on a note of triumph—Harris uses personal journalism to give us a version of reality that only he can use. It has no value to his readers, including those of us who will make it a point to forget this book in order to continue to admire his novels.

If Harris indeed put a whammy on Richard Nixon it is the beside-the-point whammy. The Chain Rescuer and the Fat Lady have been had again.

THE RADICALISM OF A. J. MUSTE

Peace Agitator. By Nat Hentoff. *Macmillan. 269 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by Harris Dienstfrey

A. J. Muste—Abraham Johannes—the well-known pacifist, has been an active American radical for over fifty years. Seeking for most of his life to transform society through the "power of non-violence," he has been a distinctly untypical reformer on the American political landscape. These days, moreover, when concern with pacifism and the techniques of civil disobedience loom so large in the thought and action of both civil rights groups and the intellectual community, Muste appears as a particularly pertinent figure. Unfortunately, Nat Hentoff's biography of Muste hardly scratches the surface of its subject. Not much more than an intermittently useful guide to the main facts of Muste's life, it offers little sense of the intellectual and emotional world a pacifist inhabits, nor any clear assessment of Muste's influence on either American radicalism or the larger society. Somehow it even avoids a serious estimate of pacifism.

Still, the facts about Muste are worth having, even in the undigested form in which Hentoff presents them. Especially interesting are the details about the radical's manifestly unradical upbringing and the first years of his career. In 1891, when he was six, his family emigrated from Holland and settled in Grand Rapids, Michigan—a hard-working, conservative Dutch community that Muste remembers as being "allergic to unions or 'agitators' of any kind." At the age of thirteen or so, disciplined, bright, and resolute, he decided to become a minister, and pursued his objective with characteristic diligence. He graduated from a (Calvinist) Dutch Reformed College, completed his ministerial training at a seminary in New Jersey, and then married a young girl whose father was also a minister—a small fact that gives a nice sense of the homeliness of his early life.

Muste started on the road to radicalism during his seminary days. As part of his training—it was 1908—he assisted at a church on New York's Lower East Side, and for the first time saw the misery of a true slum. "This was a very different poverty," Muste recalls in *Peace Agitator,* "than that of the furniture-factory workers [of Grand Rapids] or even that of the poor farmers of the Middle West during 'the hard times.'" In the next few years he witnessed such dismaying and brutal events as the Triangle fire disaster and the IWW-led strikes in Paterson. Muste began to explore the literature of radicalism, and found his theology changing as his social concerns became more intense. By 1914 he no longer could accept the literal interpretation of the Bible or the whole of Calvinist dogma.

The decisive fork in the road came with the approach of World War I. Muste saw no way to deny his belief that "just" wars were a practical impossibility. He declared himself a pacifist, advocated non-violence in all spheres of life, and thereby ended his days as an ordinary if devoted man of the cloth. From this point, his career became that of a confirmed radical, and in one way or

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another, he became involved with every major radical concern of the next fifty years.

At the close of the war, he set himself to organizing locals and leading strikes—all the while advocating non-violence. Then the problems of lower-class education began to absorb him, and he helped establish and direct the influential Brookwood Labor College, where union members came to study labor history and contemporary social problems. In the 30's, impelled by the intense and widespread feeling among radicals that the struggle of the working class demanded direct participation, Muste turned to politics and helped found the American Workers party, an organization he hoped would be both democratic and revolutionary.

IT WAS DURING this period that Muste briefly but passionately diverged from the non-violent doctrines to which he has devoted most of his career. "I had become a Trotskyite Marxist Leninist," he reports, "and had accordingly ceased to think of myself as a Christian and a pacifist." This detour in Muste's life, a curious and intriguing episode which the reader must fit together from a scattering of facts and comments, involves the most distressing aspects of radical politics during the 30's. Muste had tried to get Brookwood to devote less of its time to "passive" teaching and to enter more directly into the midst of the labor struggle, and in his demand had become bitterly adamant and even wild. "That evenness of temperament we'd all thought was an unchangeable characteristic of A.J.," a staff member recalls, "was gone." It was upon losing the fight at Brookwood that he formed the Workers party. For the first and only time in his career Muste apparently had caught the radical's fever—an absolute knowledge of how the future could and should be made—and his new certainty left little room for dissent or for merely moderate commitment. Even his wife, ordinarily unquestioning in her support, found occasion to complain.

If one reads between the lines of *Peace Agitator,* it is clear that the pacifist's turn to revolutionary politics exacted a practical and psychic cost he had never anticipated. His difficulties began when he merged his Workers party with the Trotskyites. A precondition of the merger was the latter's promise that they would not join the Socialist party (as their French counterparts had done) in order to take it over from within. Yet once the merger was completed, the Trotskyites proceeded to do just that. Muste found himself powerless, and the democratic and revolutionary party which he had envisioned and had worked for so devotedly (and almost violently) was swallowed up in bitter factionalism.

It took several unhappy months and a long vacation in Europe to give Muste back his sense of himself. It was the summer of 1936, and Muste, exhausted by the internecine struggles he had left behind, was further dismayed by the arms buildup that was everywhere visible. One day while sitting in a church on the Left Bank, he was overcome by a sudden feeling of absolute clarity: "This is where you belong, in the church, not outside it." For Muste, this reconversion to pacifism did not signify a break with socialism, only a return, as he would phrase it, to Christian non-violence. It meant saying "no" to the man he briefly had been and to any ideology that led to acts not justifiable in themselves.

Since then, Muste has continued to apply himself with apparently limitless vigor to the issues of integration and peace, and to the problems of the new nations in Africa. He advocates civil disobedience as strongly as ever, and regularly practices it—he has paid no federal taxes since 1948. Admired by the young and respected by his contemporaries, he has become the "grand old man" of American pacifism.

In examining Muste's life, Hentoff is weakest and least sophisticated on precisely those issues which currently make such an examination so relevant: the influence, validity, and future importance of pacifism. Hentoff suggests in general that pacifism has been a major source of the peace movement and the civil rights struggle, and that pacifist "ideology" can provide a viable basis for systematic political action. But he treats these notions as tentatively as if they were merely chance observations. His analysis of Muste's own ideas follows suit. He quotes the pacifist as saying that "the peace movement either has to take part in the development of new political forces and new political organizations, or it has itself to be somehow or other a force for political change." In response, he typically hedges—"Muste may be correct, at least in part," he begins—thereby making even vaguer what was hardly concrete to begin with.

In such manner, he overlooks perhaps the two most obvious long-range implications of the current interest in pacifism. One is that the tactics of non-violence, used in an increasing variety of situations, probably will become permanent weapons in the arsenal of citizen protest: they offer extremely effective means to fight City Hall. The second is that the spirit of these tactics and of pacifism in general very likely will continue to work upon the future attitudes of many people now between the ages, say, of fifteen and twenty-five, just as the spirit of Marxism and revolutionary politics has remained with those who were young in the 30's.

So far as Muste personally is concerned, he emerges from *Peace Agitator* as even more than a notably honest and good man. He also appears to be a wholly contented and inwardly peaceful one. It is clear he has not worked to change the world simply because it held no place for him, the motive that moves so many radicals. He has been inspired by thoroughly affirmative desires—to make life more humane, to make all men leaders, to show others that they themselves could change the world if they wanted to.

Several years ago, I heard Muste explain almost angrily to a group intending to stage a protest march against fallout that they should not concern themselves with the many people who refused to join them. Each person in the march, he admonished, should be concerned only with what he himself was doing. In comments such as these, almost second nature to the pacifist, he matter-of-factly displays his own motives. Neither vindictiveness nor imagined superiority charges his radicalism, but a robust, a dignifying assurance and a vital self-satisfaction. These are unusual and happy traits in any man, and particularly so in someone who takes a position as recalcitrant as Muste's. Indeed, his

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"Send the Jews back where they came from because they don't get along over here," said the man in Chicago.

Another asked: "Why are there so many questions against the Jews? I've never had any trouble with them. There may be bad Jews, but there are also bad Italians, bad Polacks and so on." The man speaking was a "Polack."

WHAT MAKES ONE MAN TOLERANT—AND THE NEXT ONE AN ANTI-SEMITE?

Ten years ago, Bruno Bettelheim and Morris Janowitz collaborated on the classic Dynamics of Prejudice. Returning now to the same subject, they test their earlier findings against the evidence of a decade of social change—notably the decline of American anti-Semitism and the less marked but still significant decline of anti-Negro prejudice. Their newer studies support many major conclusions reached a decade ago, but compel the revision of others.

New research, for instance, suggests changes in assessing the psychological factors of prejudice. This research indicates prejudice is not always simply destructive. It can help some persons in their search for identity. Although these psychological factors may be important in accounting for individual prejudice, they seem less valuable in explaining patterns of social change. The authors, however, argue that the psychological approach cannot be overlooked in planning programs of action to reduce prejudice in the United States.

Dr. Bettelheim and Dr. Janowitz also throw new light on the widespread notion that a man's social and economic history can help account for his racial intolerance. Additionally, they re-examine the idea that intimate contact with a racial minority will of itself lessen prejudice against the group.

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most significant contribution to his younger followers may well turn out to be neither his thought nor the variety of radical organizations he has helped found, but rather his style and the example of his character. His firmness has not destroyed his humanity. Muste is one of those rare reformers who has stood opposed to American society for half a century, yet still continues to honor his fellow men.

FRANCE'S LOWER EAST SIDE

DU GHETTO À L'OCCIDENT ["From the Ghetto to the West"]. By CHARLOTTE ROLAND. *Editions de Minuit (Paris). 292 pp. $6.00 approximately.*

Reviewed by S. D. TEMKIN

THERE ARE now some 225 sociological studies of American Jewry, and they form only one part of an increasingly vast literature that deals with American immigrant groups. In France, on the other hand, where little work of this kind has been published, Mme. Roland's portrait of a French Jewish community breaks a great deal of new ground and is to be valued on that score alone.

In his preface, Professor Louis Chevalier suggests that the reason why French writers have paid slight attention to the group life of minorities stems from the common assumption that the different streams of folk culture, whether immigrant or regional, have had little marked impact on the national culture, whose matrix is Paris, or contributed anything of value to it. Yet for centuries, Paris had drawn its citizens from all parts of France as well as from abroad. During the period between the two World Wars, for example, the French government, alarmed by the threat of a declining population, encouraged workers from Poland to settle in France. More recently, the lowering of barriers by the European Economic Community has prompted the entry of workers from most of the member states. Moreover, North Africa has been sending large contingents of immigrants, Moslem as well as Jewish and Christian. As in the past, however, Paris seems to have borne with these new immigrants coldly; they are tolerated rather than welcomed or assisted. Far from understanding the difficulties that these newcomers must face, the natives remain comfortably complacent in their assumption that it is the immigrants' destiny as well as privilege to find their way into France's thousand-year-old civilization. Now that Paris shelters a large self-contained group of North African Moslems, however, its citizens may become more conscious of the process of assimilation and the problems it creates.

Mme. Roland presents a careful and detailed study of only one corner of this larger canvas. She examines the group structure and life of the Yiddish-speaking community living in Belleville, a depressing working-class quarter of Paris, not far from the Père Lachaise cemetery. Of the 91,000 East-European Jews who were estimated to have settled in Paris between 1880 and 1939, Mme. Roland believes that a large proportion started out in Belleville, whose population today is less than 10,000. Quite apart from other evidence of social mobility among French Jews, these figures show how small a proportion of the East-European Jews have remained in their original place of settlement. They also caution us against regarding the occupations, family life, social status, or attitudes toward Judaism of the Belleville group as representative of the East-European Jews who have become part of France. This small community, still largely tied together by its secular Yiddish culture, tells the whole story no more than does the community that still manages to survive on the Lower East Side of New York. It represents the immigrant element that has least become part of French culture. What the other immigrants and their children have achieved in art and letters, as well as in business and the professions, is necessarily left out of Mme. Roland's study.

ONE STRIKING fact which emerges from the study is the high proportion of craftsmen and small trades-

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men among the Jews in Belleville. Sixty-seven per cent of the gainfully employed males belong to this class (20 per cent are salaried employees, and 12 per cent belong to the *élites économiques et intellectuelles*). Within the first group, more than 70 per cent are involved in either the clothing or leather trades. All of which is typical of the traditional Jewish preference for independent labor and of the tendency to congregate within a few specialized trades. It also shows that, until recently, the French economy provided a place for the individual, assisted perhaps by members of his family, who made and sold shoes or clothing in a small workshop. However, Mme. Roland finds that the artisan class was declining in 1956-7, when she made her study, and since then, modernization of the French economy accompanied by the competition from the more advanced methods of production and distribution practiced by other members of the Common Market will undoubtedly have accelerated the attrition of Belleville's economic life.

Along with this increasing marginality of its means of livelihood, the Belleville community remains isolated from the established French Jewish community as well as from the surrounding population. Rabbi Schwarzfuchs, in his *Brève Histoire des Juifs de France,* has described the relations between the native and immigrant Jews as follows: "The two groups were . . . mutually unknown to each other. If it is exaggerated in the connection to speak of a class war, it remains true nonetheless, that the search for a basis of understanding became very difficult. In fact the Jewish community of France split into two unequal parts. The two groups lived side by side without meeting. Even marriages between Jews of different origins were rare. The Zionist question separated even further the two segments of the community." Mme. Roland's far more detailed study confirms the persistence of this split.

At the turn of the century, a somewhat similar separation occurred in American Jewish life, between the established German Jews and the East-European immigrants. But in contrast to the situation in France, this separation has virtually disappeared. The greater cultural coherence of American Jewry is doubtless related to the greater mobility found in American society through which the second and third generations of *"Ostjuden"* have achieved a position of social and economic equality with the German Jews. However, this equality and coherence is also partly to be explained by the historical fact that the Jews of America provided various kinds of assistance to the immigrants, and in time charity became the link joining such groups as the Orthodox and Reform, the Zionist and non-Zionist, as well as the German and East-European. In marked contrast, any strong impulse of charity appears to be quite absent from French Jewish life. The traditional divisions among the Jews of France have recently been complicated by the arrival of large numbers from North Africa, but whether this influx will create a felt need to provide assistance and foster solidarity remains to be seen.

Another contrast with conditions prevailing among American Jews is the tenuousness of religious affiliation among the Jews of Belleville; Mme. Roland finds there none of the revival of Judaism which, however superficial and temporary it may prove to be, has still played a leading role in recent American Jewish life. Far from living in a community that bears at least the trappings of religious commitment and concern, the prevailing tone in Belleville is skeptical.

Finally, Mme. Roland finds evidence that almost all of the younger generation is abandoning Belleville. Not only is the economic basis of the community slipping away, but the secular Yiddish culture which the older generation cherishes is crumbling and has little attraction to the young. If the present tide of change continues, this islet of Yiddish-speaking craftsmen in Belleville will inevitably be overrun. One is doubly grateful to Mme. Roland, therefore, for having studied it with such painstaking care.

LENIN—
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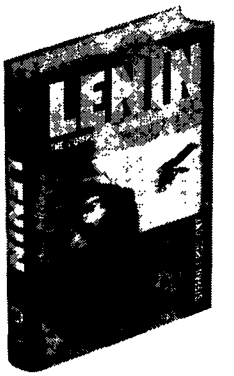

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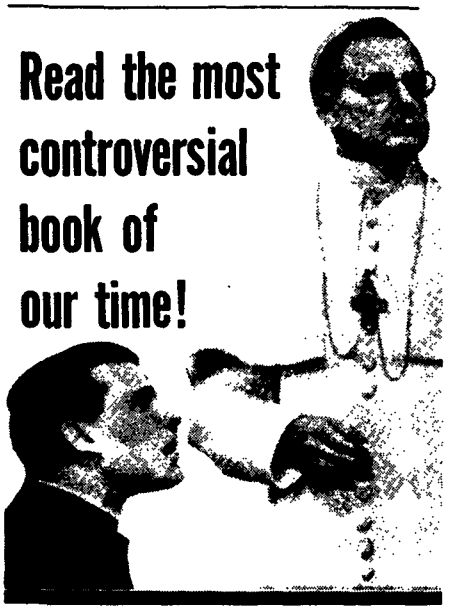

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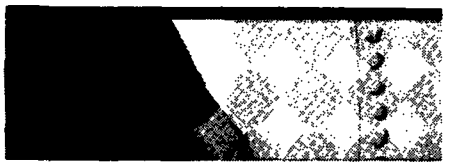

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THE BRINK OF MODERATION

REFLECTIONS ON MODERN HISTORY. By HANS KOHN. *Van Nostrand. 360 pp. $8.75.*

Reviewed by
WERNER J. DANNHAUSER

THE TITLE of this book is promising. Modern history, that nightmare from which we are trying to awaken, certainly calls for reflection. Knowing in our bones that there is a total crisis of our time, we need help in the articulation of it. If it seems that at present we can do little more than seek to grasp its meaning, this is not so small a thing as some would have it. Nor need it lead to despair, for we know from Aristotle that the understanding of terrible things is not in itself terrible. To judge books by what they contribute to our understanding of this total crisis may impose a severe criterion but it is not a narrow one; it allows us to appreciate both Churchill and Kafka.

It also forces us to find Hans Kohn's book somewhat deficient. Professor Kohn is a distinguished historian, as is shown once again by the wealth of information and insight in this book. His very distinction, however, demands to be judged by the highest standards, which unfortunately this book fails to meet. It is true that this collection of thirty-two papers, from various sources and times—dealing with subjects as varied as Napoleon, the U.N., Russian nationalism, Toynbee, liberal education, Lord Acton, Zionism, history as a discipline, German nationalism—is impossible to summarize and difficult to evaluate by any one standard, let alone a high one. Nevertheless, there is a single viewpoint which illuminates all these essays, and all of them, notwithstanding their diversity, concern aspects of the total crisis of our time.

The trouble is that the author frequently comes close to denying that there is such a crisis, even while having to concede, as an observer of modern events, that something is wrong. So, for instance, he states in 1950 that it is a "trite though true commonplace that the United States, and the whole of mankind, is passing through a crisis." But the passing years seem to make him more hopeful: in 1953 he still writes of "today's crisis" but wants us to see it in perspective. The perspective turns out to be that it is merely "fashionable"—presumably false—to view our condition as unprecedented or total, and that we are living in an age of "burning vitality" in spite of its dark spots. The proof, such as it is, is supplied by that famous "long look" of historians: men in many ages have felt they were living in an unprecedented crisis. We are not told whether they were right or not. Even if they were wrong, we might, after all, be right. Nietzsche, still the greatest diagnostician of the plight of our time, offered as evidence for the novelty of "our" crisis the fact that we are the first generation that does not possess the truth. Even if he could show us we are wrong, a historian would still have to account for the feeling in our bones. The closest Professor Kohn comes to such an explanation is to suggest that we have a greater consciousness of this world's suffering than previous generations, and above all a "heightened moral sensitivity." Sentimentality might be a better word, but one of the perils of optimism is a confusion between the two.

THE AUTHOR thinks he himself occupies a hard-headed center position between the pessimistic prophets of doom and the optimistic believers in the solvability of all human problems. Sometimes he is able to sustain this posture and get in some telling blows against both those who feel that nothing can be true without being agonizing and those who will not realize that "all human achievements are precarious." More often, however, he tends toward the optimists. The typical essay has an upbeat ending, for Professor Kohn finds hope in many things: the internationalism of the U.S., the U.N., German politics since 1945, NATO, the emergence of new nations—and lots more. The reader is assured that as long as we keep our heads and our faith, things will work out tolerably well.

The viewpoint is that of a man deeply committed to modern Western civilization, understood as the consummation of ancient Western civilization, as a comprehensive "intellectual and moral attitude." The greatest enthusiasm is reserved for the Enlightenment; Professor Kohn is unstinting in praise of liberalism, individualism, cosmopolitanism, toleration, and the idea of One World. His main aversion is excessive 19th- and 20th- century nationalism.

There is much to be said for such a viewpoint. Professor Kohn's grounding in a tradition enables him to transcend the frivolous and the fashionable in a number of areas. To mention but two, he has never had any illusions about Russian Communism, and his views on the dignity and limits of academic freedom are refreshingly well-balanced. Today we are all in the same boat, which is called "the West," and which, to unblock that metaphor, is the only boat in town for decent men.

THE DIFFICULITY lies in the fact that the author praises the tradition without doing enough to clarify it for us. Such praise is not the special function of an historian, nor is rhetoric Professor Kohn's forte. This would not matter so much if readers had an instinctive adherence to the West, but it is both the cause and the effect of the total crisis that we feel instead a gnawing doubt. Something seems to be radically wrong—that is, wrong at the roots. Since we are rooted in that very Enlightenment which the author affirms, he is bound to obscure this: he fails to see the Enlightenment's decisive break with antiquity. For him there is a majestic mainstream which includes Athens, Jerusalem, and all good things. Unfortunately this is insufficient. One can be in favor of toleration, but one must realize that it was not a cardinal virtue among either the ancient Jews or the ancient Greeks, and that the Enlightenment's toleration is linked to its indifference to the truth of religion, and ultimately to doubts about its utility. One can advocate cosmopolitanism and an open society, but one has to remember two very ancient distinctions, the one between Greeks and barbarians, and the one between Jews and Gentiles. One can attempt to

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find continuity in Western civilization, but due significance has to be assigned to the appearance of a Galileo, a Machiavelli, a Descartes. Previously, all might be reconciled by a notion of progress, but it is no longer obvious to us that there is such a thing.

The Enlightenment brought Marx and Nietzsche in its wake. Neither is extensively discussed by the author; either is more brilliant than the 19th-century writers Professor Kohn admires, such as Bagehot, Bryce, and Acton. If his emphasis shows something about the theoretical weakness of the Enlightenment, 20th-century history shows something of its practical weakness. The attack against the center moved from the plane of theory to the plane of action in the form of Communism and Fascism. The emergence of these movements, though it has left us no choice but to be liberal democrats, has also forced us to see that to be in the center—to be children of the Enlightenment—is part of our weakness as well as of our strength. We are the defenders of Athens and Jerusalem, but our access to them is partly severed; we are the corrupted defenders.

To Professor Kohn our dangers seem to be merely external ones. The advice to maintain our armaments is good advice. There is certainly a more immediate danger from foreign aggression than from internal anxiety. Ultimately, though, weapons must be backed by resolution. The advice to maintain a firm hold on the Great Tradition is unlike the advice to maintain a vigorous foreign policy—at least when Professor Kohn gives it. In the second instance, the advice is attended by specific suggestions; in the first, we feel as though we have just been advised to begin speaking Rumanian. We don't know how.

The sickness in our hearts is not seen clearly enough by the author. In part this is due to his unshakeable allegiance to the principles of moderation. In the realm of practice, moderation is indispensable; it is a moral virtue. But it may be an intellectual vice; moderate thought is inadequate thought. As a historian of ideas, the author shows no

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taste for the extreme thinkers, but these may be the illuminating ones. The price for these inadequacies is that his reflections *on* modern history sometimes become reflections *of* modern history.

All such reservations about the whole, however, become justified only after a due appreciation of the excellence of the parts. Of special worth are those parts in which the author pleads for exacting standards in education (against all the whims of fashion he dwells on the importance of studying Greek and Latin); in which he criticizes the "idolatry of social science and psychology" in our time; in which he defends the United States, with all the force of his great erudition, against its thoughtless critics; in which he warns against panic in the face of nuclear weaponry; in which he shows us that part of the historian's wisdom is the realization that the future is unpredictable—and many more. A short review of a collection of essays is bound to do less than full justice to the excellence of the parts. Nor can we claim to have done justice to the book without mentioning its tone, the sound of the author's voice. In this case, it is the voice of a humane, dedicated, and civilized man. It is the voice of a gentleman and a learned man, a voice not heard often enough in the American market place of ideas.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ERIC L. MCKITRICK, *associate professor of history at Columbia, is the author* of Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction.

HILTON KRAMER *is currently writing a book on 20th-century painting and sculpture.*

JULES FEIFFER *here makes his first appearance in* COMMENTARY. *His most recent book is* The Feiffer Album.

HARRIS DIENSTFREY *contributed "Doctors, Lawyers, and Other TV Heroes" to our July 1963 issue.*

S. D. TEMKIN *is rabbi of Temple Emanuel in Lowell, Massachusetts.*

WERNER J. DANNHAUSER *teaches political science at Claremont Men's College.*

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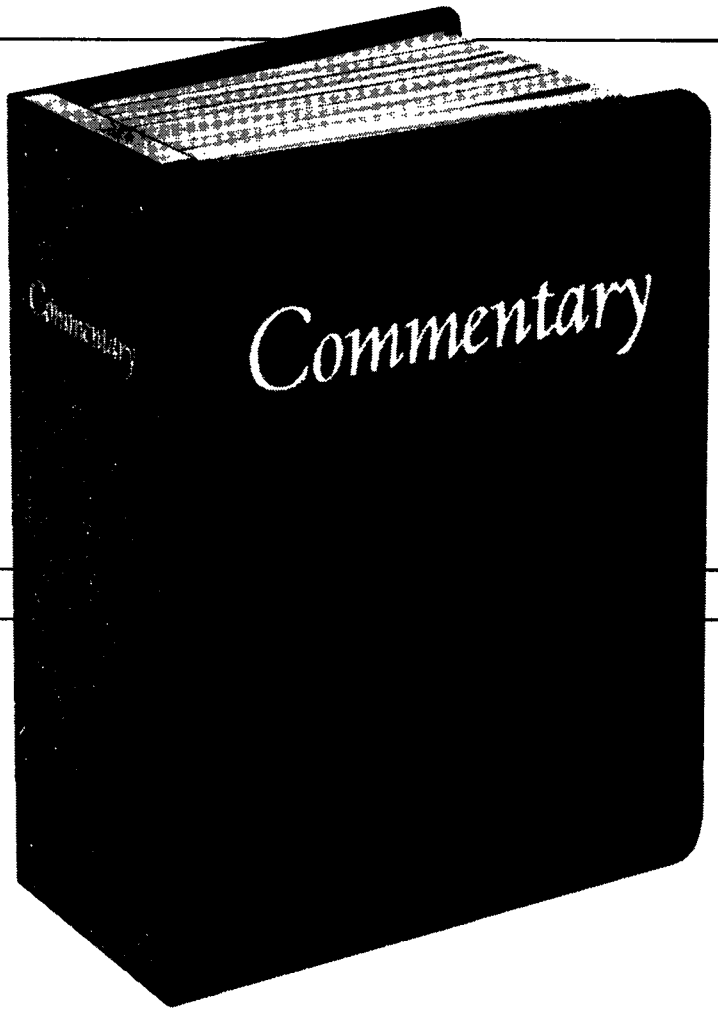

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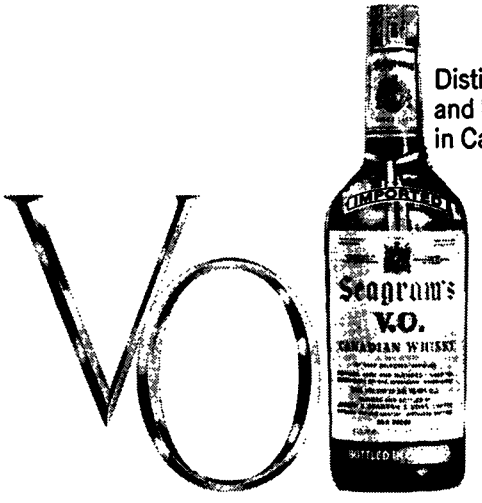

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